

George C. & Co.
Oakland

WHOLE NO.
493.

VOL. XLII.
No. 9

THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE,
and
SEAMEN'S FRIEND



SEPTEMBER, 1869.

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society,
80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.



CONTENTS.

MAGAZINE.	PAGE.	PAGE.	
Submarine Treasure.....	257	Sailor Sam.....	274
Large Emigration.....	260	Keeping One's Eyes Open.....	277
Latest from the Stars.....	261	Have you a Compass ?.....	278
Highest Mountains in the United States..	263	Labrador	280
The Falls and Domes of the Yosemite.....	265	Belgium	280
The Flying Ship.....	266	Honolulu, S. I.,.....	280
The Tour of the World—How long it takes and What it Costs.....	268	Sailor's Home, New York.....	282
Beautiful Landscape under the Sea.....	269	Colored Sailor's Home, New York	283
Telegraphic Signals—A New System.....	269	Missing Vessels.....	283
Patent Life-Saving Apparatus.....	270	Disasters reported in July.....	283
Horology	271	Receipts for July, 1869.....	283
Marked Changes at Niagra Falls.....	272	 LIFE-BOAT. 	
Startling Figures.....	272		
A New Translation.....	272	Honesty the best Policy.....	285
I Shall Stand at the Helm.....	273	Library Reports.....	286
No More Sea.....	273	The Bright Side Out.....	288

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commanding it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. To any one who will send us \$5 for five subscribers, a sixth copy will be sent gratis. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same*. *POSTAGE* in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, *twelve cents a year*.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$15, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a REGISTERED letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

Vol. 41.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

No. 9.

SUBMARINE TREASURE.

England, Holland, France and Spain were much addicted to declaring war in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and whenever this was the case, the enemies of Spain looked out sharply for the treasure-ships returning to Europe from the gold and silver mining regions of the Indies—the Spanish galleons. These galleons were very large ships, with three or four decks. Spain used to send them at fixed periods to the coasts of Mexico and Peru, to receive on board the gold and silver bullion extracted from the mines, and bring it to Spain. The most notable instance was that at Vigo Bay, a few months before Queen Anne ascended the English throne. At that time, England and Holland were at war with Spain and France, in a struggle called the War of the Successions, relating as it did to the right of succession to the Spanish throne. Of course, being a war by land as well as by sea, all was fish that came into the net; and as it so happened that a fleet of Spanish war-ships was at that very time convoying a fleet of Spanish treasure-ships across the Atlantic, it was nat-

ural that the English and Dutch should look out for something in that way. Vigo was the place—a bay near the extreme northern end of the Atlantic Seaboard of the peninsula, and separated from Cadiz by the whole length of Portugal.

Macaulay says:—"The fleet was off the coast of Portugal, on the way back to England, when the Duke of Ormond received intelligence that the treasure-ships from America had just arrived in Europe, and had, in order to avoid his armament, repaired to the harbor of Vigo. The cargo consisted, it was said, of more than three millions sterling in gold and silver, besides much valuable merchandise. The prospect of plunder reconciled all disputes; Dutch and English, admirals and generals, were equally eager for action. The Spaniards might, with the greatest ease, have secured the treasure by simply landing it; but it was a fundamental law of Spanish trade that the galleons should unload at Cadiz, and at Cadiz only. The Chamber of Commerce at Cadiz, in the true spirit of monopoly, refused even at this conjuncture to abate one jot of its privi-

lege. The matter was referred to the Council of the Indies. That body deliberated and hesitated just a day too long. Some feeble preparations for defence were made. Two ruined towers at the mouth of the Bay of Vigo were garrisoned by a few ill-armed and untrained rustics; a boom was thrown across the entrance of the basin; and a few French ships of war, which had convoyed the galleons from America, were moored within. But all was to no purpose. The English ships broke the boom. Ormond and his soldiers scaled the forts; the French burned their ships, and escaped to the shore. The conquerors shared some millions of dollars; some millions more were sunk. When all the galleons had been captured or destroyed, came an order in due form allowing them to unload.'

Now, there is a project on foot to send out an expedition, with the avowed purpose of recovering the sunken treasure, if possible. A *concessionnaire* has had this matter in view for ten years past. He obtained from the Spanish Government a concession (as it is called on the continent) or permission to do this; the agreement being, that whatever is raised from the sea-bottom of Vigo Bay, be it little or much, is to be shared in the ratio of three-fourths to him, and one-fourth to the Spanish crown, he to bear all the costs and trouble of the enterprise.

When Colonel Gowan, in the early part of the present year, examined the actual condition of the sunken ships, he found the following results: 1. The *Almirante*, in seven and a half fathoms of water, has her timbers projecting two or three feet above the mud and shells at the bottom of the sea, all else being coucheted in a slimy bed; there are no indications that she has been burned, and the timbers below the mud have escaped from the attacks of the *teredo*. Although called a man-of-war, she more resembles a galleon. 2. The *Espicio* is in eight fathoms water, with her timbers nearly whole, but much perforated by the *teredo*. 3. The *Tambor* is more sound and perfect than the two above named,

the deck being eighteen inches under the mud and shells. Colonel Gowan detected a layer of brick-work on a part of the deck; this he supposes to have been the floor of a cook-house. The deck is made of planks six inches wide by five in thickness. 4. The *Cruseta* is in eight and a half fathoms water, sounder and less encumbered with mud than any of the three above named; on the ship lie an anchor, a mortar, and a gun-wheel. 5. The *Chaternan* has been burned to some extent, but her timbers appear to be quite sound. 6. The *Higuera* lying in five and a half fathoms water, has been much burned, but her timbers are generally sound: several cannon-balls are on the deck. 7 and 8. The two remaining vessels, whose names are not given, have been much burned, and are immersed eight or ten feet in the soft mud.

The original names of the ships are not mentioned; those here given have been adopted by the divers who from time to time have examined them. All the sunken vessels form so many separate and complete mounds, above the general level of the bed of the Bay, so great has been the accumulation of shells and mud above and around them. The galleon said to be the richest of the whole fleet, while being towed out of the bay by the English ship *Monmouth* struck on a sunken rock in the South Channel, and went down.—All hands were saved except two, but the treasure went to the bottom, and,—like the old woman in the vinegar bottle—“if not gone, lives there still.”

The *concessionnaire* has formed, or is endeavoring to form, a Company with a joint-stock purse sufficient to defray the costs of the venture.

As to the means of raising the treasure, the armor-encased diver looked forward to as the man of the future. Colonel Gowan says that he can only learn of one attempt having been made to raise the treasure about twenty years ago. It was made upon two of the vessels only by the aid of the diving bell. This as is now pretty well ascertained,

not an effective practical mode of procedure, seeing that the divers can make only a superficial examination, not beyond the lateral extent of the iron walls of the bell itself, and cannot possibly descend into the holds of sunken ships, or into any irregular cavities. The diving dress—which leaves the arms and legs of the wearer free, while protecting his head from all access to water, and providing fresh air for respiration, and an exit for respited air—allows him to walk and scramble about into all sorts of holes and corners, always provided he does not break or entangle the ropes and pipes which connect him with the world above.

The exact plan which Colonel Gowen determined to follow will probably depend on the special circumstances of each ship. It is now known from practical experience that vessels can be, and have been, raised bodily from the bottom of the sea; while it is equally well known that divers can extricate and bring up valuable property from sunken ships. Floating pontoons have been used a variety of ways for the first mention of these purposes. A remarkable instance of this kind took place last year.

The *Wolf*, an iron-built mail-steamer was sunk by a collision in Belfast Lough, and lay submerged forty feet depth of water. After considering many plans of proceedings, Messrs. Harland & Wolf undertook to raise the vessel. They constructed an immense floating raft of iron air-tanks, thoroughly watertight. There were four of these tanks, arranged in two pairs, with a lateral distance between the pairs more than equal to the extreme breadth of the sunken vessel. Stout cross logs of timber in various parts connected the tanks into one float or raft, having a buoyant power of eight hundred and fifty tons—more than equal to the weight of the submerged ship. The vessel being embedded eight feet of mud, there was no facility for passing chains under and round the hull, as had been done in her cases of ship-raising. Instead of this, chains were hooked into the

side-light holes in the hull; there were fifty of these holes, fifty chains hooked into them, and fifty capstans or lifting-screws on the platforms of the float, to lay hold of the upper ends of the chains; each chain being capable of lifting twenty-five tons. Divers were employed to examine the exact position of the ship, and to secure the hooks into the side-light holes. These elaborate preparations being ready, the process of raising began. Two hundred and fifty men were set to work at the capstans or screws; they worked with a will; and in six hours the half drowned *Wolf* fairly made an appearance above the surface of the water, and was towed triumphantly into Belfast harbor.

Whether Colonel Gowen proposes to adopt some such plan as this at Vigo, is not yet stated. Perhaps he holds himself open to vary his plan according to the circumstances which each vessel may present on examination; and perhaps he may try to bring up the treasure without raising the ships themselves. Certain it is that he has raised sunken ships; and it is on this account that his services have been secured for the Vigo enterprise.

Those who are conversant with the details of the Crimean War will remember that on the 23d of September, 1854, three days after the battle of Alma, and three days before the arrival of the British army on the heights above Balaklava, Prince Menschikoff adopted the bold expedient of forming a line of Russian ships-of-war across the entrance to Sebastopol harbor, and sinking them by scuttling. It was apparently a reckless and unprecedented bit of strategy, but it fully answered the intended purpose; for the magnificent English and French fleets were unable throughout the war to make the smallest entry into the harbor, or to approach near enough for any effective bombardment of the fortifications. Again, on the 8th of September, 1855, when the Russians abandoned Sebastopol, and retreated to the northern forts, they sank all the remaining ships in the harbor,

to prevent them from falling into the hands of the besiegers. Thus it arose that the fine harbor of Sebastopol was choked up with sunken ships. Well, it is in this quarter that Colonel Gowen has already displayed his ship-raising ingenuity. He says: "When raising the sunken fleet at Sebastopol for the imperial Russian government, I labored under a number of difficulties which can scarcely be overrated; and yet the most perfect success attended my operations, as I then raised and cleared seventy vessels of all sizes, some of which are now in commission." Comparing Vigo with Sebastopol, he adds: "My soundings in the Bay of Vigo showed a bottom of mud in which the galleons are not more than half buried. When I compare this with the twenty feet of mud, clay, oyster-shells, and gravel in which the sunken fleet at Sebastopol was lying, I look forward with the most sanguine expectations to the result of the proposed undertaking. Instead of an open roadstead, as at Sebastopol, the small bay in which the galleons are lying is completely landlocked, so that operations can be carried on in all weathers, and through any season of the year.

We shall see, therefore, when Neptune can be made to yield up the treasure which, according to repute, he has for a hundred and sixty-seven years retained in his dominions at the bottom of the sea.

Another submarine venture also invites attention at present; but the lost treasure is of smaller amount, and the episode has something like a century less of time to give romance to it. The facts are briefly as follow. In 1799 when Holland was waging war against France, and England aided the Dutch Government with subsidies of men and money, a large amount of money was sent over in Her Majesty's ship *Lutine*. The government bullion, or cash alone is said to have been a million and a half sterling in value; in addition, there were the crown-jewels of the Prince of Orange, which had just been repaired by Messrs. Rundell & Bridge; while bullion sent over by private firms, and a large cargo of merchandise, raised the to-

tal value of the ship and its contents to a vast sum. Indeed, some accounts gave this total at three millions sterling. The *Lutine* was bound to the Zuyder Zee; but a storm raged so furiously on the coast of Holland, that she was driven on a sandbank between the islands of Vlieland and Terschelling, and there wrecked. The circumstances were so unfavorable to anything in the way of rescue, that almost all the crew of two hundred persons were drowned. There was the treasure then; and what became of it? During the first two years after the wreck, no attempt at salvage seemed to have been made; but, at a late date, an English Company was formed, to endeavor to recover the sunken treasure, under an agreement that the Dutch government should receive one-half the proceeds. In the course of a few years, a sum of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds was raised, by such means as were then known of employing the diving-bell, and divided equally between the Company and the government—that is, the Dutch government, for it does not appear that the English government put in a claim to it.

Another attempt is to be made under the management of the committee of Lloyd's, and probably under agreement also with the Dutch government, to raise some or all of the buried treasure. We believe the attempt is to be made next summer, and probably with the effect of a diving-dress, instead of the diving-bell. The public are not invited to subscribe to this new adventure; we have simply to take up the position of lookers-on, and wish success to the operators on the drowned *Lutine*.

Large Emigration.

The number of emigrants that arrived at Castle Garden during the current year, up to Aug. 4, is 168,000. To the same date in 1868 the number was 133,875, showing an increase of 34,125 for the last year of 29,264. The receipts, including the amount in bank at the beginning of the year, up to Aug. 4, 1869, amount to \$587,049 87.

LATEST FROM THE STARS.

Modern astronomy teaches that our sun is a star, and that the stars are uns. The sun appears larger than a star—appearances often deceive. As we approach a body, the angle of vision opens, so that it appears larger ; as we recede from it the angle closes, and it appears smaller ; hence apparent magnitude is variable, and depends upon relative distance.

Assuming our sun to be a star, the heat which we derive from it is stellar heat, and, with this conception in mind, let us glance at the scale of its radiations. This is something stupendous. The amount of heat which is emitted from the entire solar surface, calculated from the average quantity which it is proved we receive from him, would be sufficient to boil seven hundred thousand millions of cubic miles of ice-cold water each hour. Were a cylinder of ice, forty miles in diameter, projected into the sun at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in length each second, that, with the speed of light, the heat which the sun radiates away would be sufficient to melt it as fast as it came, while the stellar furnace would not be cooled a single degree. Of the thermal energy which our central star thus pours out with the prodigality of the Infinite, we of the earth, although complacently supposing that it is all in our account, get only a paltry fraction—one-twenty-three-hundred-millionth part—enough to boil three hundred cubic miles of ice water each hour. But what becomes of the rest ? it is shot outward as undulatory impulses into the profundities of space. such is the office of our own star in the cosmical economy. But are the other stars doing the same thing ? those little twinkling points, are they also fountains of power which is cast off forever, thus maintaining the dynamic equilibrium of the universe through a mighty system of celestial exchanges ?

Such has been the belief, countenanced by all analogy, although the proof of it has been hitherto indirect and insufficient. A Frenchman

named Pouillet a few years ago undertook a series of researches designed to find out something more definite about the temperature of the planetary spaces, and this he did by attempting to determine the amount of heat from a certain large portion of the heavens. We cannot here describe his delicate and ingenious processes, but he deduced from them that, when large tracts of the heavens are tested, a measurable and very considerable amount of heat is shown to be derived from them. His results indicated that the earth gets heat enough in a year from the whole vault of the sky to melt a shell of ice eighty-six feet in thickness—the sun's heat alone being sufficient to melt such a shell one hundred and three feet thick annually. These conclusions were regarded as trustworthy by many, but the majority of scientific men thought the subject must be left open until new resources of experiment were brought to bear upon it. Nor have we had to wait long for the trial. The subject has at length found its man, and this splendid problem is solved. When, in the distant future, the historian of the arts and sciences is making up his chronological records of their early progress, he will write :

The ship-canal across the Isthmus of Suez first opened.....	1869
American Continent first crossed by a rail-road.....	1869
Heat in the rays of a fixed star first demonstrated by William Huggins.....	1869

The rays of a star, when made to fall upon the most delicate thermometer, produce no visible effect upon it ; and the fact of the existence of heat in these rays could never have been known except through the employment of some far more sensitive heat-measurer. Such an instrument has grown up during the last few years by the combined efforts of the most skillful men of various countries, and has at length been brought to a very high degree of perfection. The principles of its action are as follows :

If we take some small bars of bis

muth and antimony, and, arranging them side by side in a certain order, solder them together, we shall form what is called a *pile*. If, now, one of the ends of this pile is warmed more than the other, an electric current begins to circulate round and round through the bars, and the greater the difference between the temperatures of the two ends, the stronger is the current. Such a current, being produced by heat, is called thermo-electric, and the system of metallic bars in which it is produced is therefore termed the *thermo-electric pile*. This is one part of our new instrument.

Every body knows that the freely-suspended magnetic needle points to the north—that is, it places itself in the magnetic meridian. But, if a needle so placed has a current of electricity passed round it through wires parallel to its position when at rest, such a current tends to neutralize the earth's magnetism, and to throw the needle across itself, that is, to make it point east and west. The distance to which the needle swings round out of its north-and-south position depends upon the strength of the electric current, and is measured by degrees of a circle. If the electric current is very slight, it may deflect the needle but a few degrees northward; if stronger, it may throw it ninety degrees, or through a quarter of a circle, so that it will stand at right angles to its natural position.

Now let us see how this combination works as a heat-measurer. You hold your hand, say, a yard from the pile of a delicately constructed instrument. It radiates a stream of heat which falls upon one end of it, called its face, and that end is slightly warmed. This produces a current of electricity, which is carried through the wires and made to circulate round a needle. The needle starts out of its position, and comes to rest at some point on the scale, and the degree which it reaches becomes a measure of the amount of heat radiated from the hand.

It is this instrument which Mr. Huggins has employed in his researches into the heat of the stars. It was attached to his telescope so that

the image of a star formed by the eight-inch object-class might fall upon the surface of the pile. So delicate was the arrangement, and so susceptible to the minutest variation of temperature, that his apparatus often had to be left for hours until it had come to equilibrium, and the needle was at perfect rest. When the time arrived for experiment, the shutter of the observatory dome was opened, and the telescope was turned upon a part of the sky near a bright star, but not actually on the star. The needle was then carefully watched, to determine whether the change of position produced any effect. After waiting sufficiently long to be certain that there were no signs of change, the telescope was moved over a small distance necessary to bring the image of the star directly on the face of the pile, when the needle was immediately seen to move. The telescope was then moved slightly away from the star, when the needle returned to its place. The stellar rays were then again made to fall upon the pile, and again the needle was thrown out of its position. These observations were repeated with great care and patience on different stars, at different times, until it has been conclusively established that heat is a constituent of the stellar rays.

Such are the simple facts of this remarkable discovery: its deeper understanding cannot fail to awaken emotions of the intensest wonder. What is heat as manifested in matter? A vibration of atoms. What is radiant heat? Undulatory motion propagated through an ethereal medium at the rate of one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second. Radiant heat falling upon matter raises its temperature, that is, the ethereal waves breaking upon the atoms increase their vibration. And thus it is that the stars of heaven are related to the atoms of the earth; the mightiest to the minutest, not by a material link, but through the mystery of motion, while that relation is one of definite control. Astrology taught that earthly events are determined by celestial agencies. It was a vague prophecy of realities to

better known, and science has fulfilled it by showing that the galaxies of remotest space rule the inner changes of terrestrial matter, and time the march of its invisible molecules. Nor is this all. The forces in which matter is bound are knit together in so close and complex a web of correlation and interdependence, that the slightest disturbance of one is felt by all. The stellar impulse, so infinitesimal as never before to have been detected, shoots a thrill through a whole system of tensions, and reveals itself in multiplied effects. Indeed, in the case we have been considering, the influence of the star is only seen at the end of a chain of transformations; in the overthrow of a series of balances in which our whole planet is implicated. What was it that really took place when Mr. Huggins exposed his instrument to the ray of the star Regulus, the leading brilliant of the constellation Leo? That star is located so pro'oundly away in the abyss of space, that we can measure its distance only by the years which its radiations have spent in reaching us; and the astronomers tell us that the radiations, sent through the mighty void at the rate of one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second, would require *twenty-six years* to reach the earth. Through all that period, the dark thermal impulse of Regulus had been speeding its course until at last it spent itself upon the face of the pile, disturbing the thermal equilibrium of its metallic particles. The upsetting of the thermal balance overthrew also the electrical balance, and a current was started through the wires around the needle. The needle, balanced in its position by the attractive tensions of terrestrial gravity and the magnetism of the earth, was then swung from its position of equilibrium and moved over three de-

grees of the scale, which exactly measured the intensity of the chain of effects and the tension of the stellar impulse.

Men talk of the dullness of science, but it is because they understand little of the grandeur of the problems upon which it is engaged, or the splendor of its later conquests.

How far beyond the most errant fancies of mere poetic imagination are these realities of reason! Puck, engirdling the globe in forty minutes, was a bold creation of Shakspearean genius; but this is tame business compared with the pranks of our scientific fairies. The modern Ariel takes its flight from Regulus in 1843 to visit the earth, (heedless of the prophetic voice of Father Miller, who, working with his theological calculus, had set this very year for the general smash and wind up of the whole scheme). Launched upon his celestial career, he wings his way onward through the measureless amplitudes with a velocity equal to eight times round our planet each second, and reaches it in 1869. Cleaving the atmosphere he pierces the lenses of Huggins' telescope, and waking up the atoms of the electric pile, drops his thermal mask, darts through the wires as the amber spirit, shifts again to magnetism, and with a kick at gravity and a snub for the north pole, emerges at last as ordinary mechanical motion.

It is thus experimentally established that the stars are suns. Our sun is a fountain of forces from which the earth borrows its energy and its life. But exactly the same forces are shown now to reside also in the distant stars, and we are thus brought one step nearer to the august probability that they, too, are fountains of power and life to their planetary dependents.—

Appleton's Journal of Science.

HIGHEST MOUNTAINS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The progress of exploration among the high mountain ranges of Western America is narrowing down the question as to where is the highest

mountain peak in the republic. The Rocky Mountains, the Sierra Nevadas, the latter's extension through Oregon, the Cascades and their

further extensions into British America—and Alaska, have all been contestants for this distinction; and very wild statements have been made of the heights of the representative peaks of each of these sections. Several peaks need yet to be more accurately measured before the contest is fully closed; but at present California, with her Mount Whitney, carries off the palm. This mountain, which lies in the Sierra Nevada range, in the southern part of the state, was ascended by Mr. King, one of the State geological survey, in the summer of 1866, to a point 14,740 feet in height, where he took accurate measurements. Beyond that point, the peak was "inaccessible; but his skilled judgment was, that the summit rose from three to four hundred feet above him; and he therefore reports Mount Whitney as 15,000 feet high—a claim which may be held to be substantially correct. In the neighborhood of Mount Whitney are Mount Lyell, 13,217 feet high, Dana, 13,227, Brewster, 13,886, and Tyndall, 14,386 feet.

But next to Mount Whitney in California stands Mount Shasta in the northern part of the State, and perhaps the most magnificent snow-covered mountain in the United States. It is 14,440 feet high, and is apparently destined, more than any other mountain in the republic, to become the object of curious interest and pleasure-seeking for travelers. Mount Hood, its Oregon rival, and nearly its equal in beauty of shape and extent of snow-fields, is but 11,225 feet high. Mounts Baker and Rainer, still farther north in Washington Territory, are respectively 10,780 feet and 12,330 feet high. They are also distinguished for the extent and magnificence of their perpetual snowfields. The encyclopedia puts down two mountains (still farther north in British Columbia)—Brown and Hooker—as being 15,990 and 15,700 feet high respectively; but they prove never to have been accurately measured, and these figures are but the wildest guesses of superficial travelers, no more to be depended upon than the claim of the

Oregonians to a height of over 17,000 feet for Mount Hood, which has only been overthrown within the last three years. It is not probable that either of these peaks in British America ascend so high as either Shasta or Whitney in California; but still they need to be accurately measured before the question can be held to be finally closed against them.

So, too, of Mount St. Elias in our new territory of Alaska. Heights of 16,000 and 17,000 feet have been claimed by travelers, and soberly put down in books for this grand old volcano. But the measurement of Sir E. Belcher, which is the highest put forth by any one of respectable authority, claims only 14,970 feet for it, and other observers make it much lower. The mountain has really never been accurately measured.

Thus stands the case in the Pacific coast States and Territories. Of the coast mountains in California no one rises above 5,000 feet, that being the figure for Panache Grande. Mount Diablo so conspicuous an object in the country about San Francisco, is but 3,857 feet high.

Coming east to the Rocky Mountains, Colorado, which holds the highest peaks of that range, has four mountains which are pretty certainly between 14,000 and 14,500 feet each.

These are Long's, Gray's and Pike's peaks, and Mount Lincoln. Dr. Parry, of St. Louis, has made the most reliable measurements of the Coloradian heights; but since one of the barometers which he depended upon for the calculations was stationed in St. Louis, there was some liability to error in even the most accurate of his figures. He measured the lower of the two Gray's peaks, and made it 14,251 feet. The other, to which he endeavored to give the name of Torrey's Peak, but which the people of Colorado join with its twin in the same name of Gray, is evidently from one to two hundred feet higher, but has not been accurately measured. Pike's Peak is reported by Dr. Parry at 14,216 feet, and by Fremont, who ascended it, at 14,300 feet. Mount Lincoln has never been accurately measured, though

often ascended. It is more likely to be lower than higher than Gray's peaks. Dr. Parry did not succeed in reaching the summit of Long's Peak, but made an approximate measurement, which he reported at 14,056 feet. But this last season the first successful ascent of that notable mountain was made by Prof. Powell and Mr. Byers, of the *Rocky Mountain News*; and their measurement, the first reliable one ever made, gives the figures of 14,250 feet. The *New York Nation*, therefore, showed more presumption than knowledge when it undertook to criticise Mr. Bowles in his "Switzerland of America" for not being more exact in reporting the heights of the leading mountains of Colorado. The *Nation* says "he ought to have known that Long's Peak was 14,506 feet, which, in fact, nobody did or could know outside of the *Nation* office.

There are numerous other peaks in Colorado of 13,000 feet and upwards. Among these are Mount Audibon, Vielie's Peak, Mount Guyot and Parry's Peak; while those of ten, eleven and twelve thousand feet in height lie everywhere about in the central portions of the territory. To the west of the peaks, constituting the dividing range of the continent, lies a huge mountain known on the maps as Sopri's Peak. It seems, both from the summits of Gray and Lincoln, to be still higher than those. It never has been measured, and though its apparent superiority may arise from the comparative lowness of the peaks directly around it, the people of the neighborhood will not yield their possible right to claim for Colorado the highest mountain peak in the United States until an actual measurement of Sopri's Peak shall decide it against them.

The question, as it now stands, seems, therefore, narrowed down to Sopri's Peak and Mount Whitney in California. The peaks of the Rocky Mountain range, north of Colorado, in Montana and beyond, offer no competition to those of the former territory. But when we annex Mexico that country will bear off the palm in North America for the highest

mountain peaks. She has two, Popocatepetl and Orizaba, whose heights seem to be definitely settled at 14,720 feet and 17,380 feet, respectively.

There is nothing in our mountain ranges in the Atlantic States to at all compare with any of these figures. Mounts Clingman and Mitchell in North Carolina, 6,940 and 6,732 feet, respectively, are the highest mountains east of the Missouri river. Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, ranks third, with a height of 6,285 feet. The highest mountains in Switzerland are Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa, 15,775 and 15,150 feet, respectively. South America has several mountain peaks, ranging from 20,000 to 25,300 feet high. But the Himalayas in Southern Asia carry off the palm of the world for high mountains. There are several peaks in that range, between twenty-five and twenty-nine thousand feet in height; Mount Everett reaching the last figure, and, to be precise, adding two feet more. These latter figures almost take one's breath away, even to think of them. To mount the heights which they represent, would do it actually, for the air at such an elevation is so rare as to make human existence there dangerous, if not impossible.—*Springfield Republican*.

The Falls and Domes of the Yosemite.

The falls of the Yosemite have a descent of nearly 2,700 feet, broken at one point by a cascade. From the summit of the granite cliff of Tu-toch-ar-nu-lah—the "Great Chief" or *El Capitan*—the Po-ho-no, or "wind spirit," otherwise christened the "bridal-veil," falls in silvery spray 900 feet. From the lake to the summit of the South Dome, is not far from 6,000 feet. This dome has been riven perpendicularly "as by the sword stroke of the Almighty." And what a chasm is the result!—"Bring New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago,—all the churches, warehouses, shops, stores, dwellings,—tumble them all in, and it will not be full."

"The domes of St. Sophia and Suliman, so beautiful from the Bosphorus, so mean when we approach them, bear no more comparison to those of the Sierras than the card-houses reared by children bear to the city of London. The gray granite fashions itself into mansions, palaces and cathedrals. Imagination pictures a celestial city above the clouds. The setting sun, falling on fields of gleaming snow, illumines its jasper walls and pearly gates with heavenly light.

"Suddenly we find ourselves on the brink of an awful chasm. One mad leap of our horse, and we should fall three-fourths of a mile! The heart ceases for a moment to beat. We hold our breath. The brain reels. No word of exclamation. Every voice is hushed. The soul stands in awe before this revelation of Omnipotence. This is God's work. Eternal might alone cleft the chasm, rived the rock, and reared the lofty domes. So vast, grand, majestic, so filled with God's presence, is this cathedral of his, that we dare not speak. Hang over the chasm, if your nerves are steady enough, and look into its depths. Those little green points, like plants just springing from a garden bed, are gigantic forest-trees. That foliage of brighter hue, no larger than a tuft of grass, is an oak, which has withstood the storms of centuries. That thread of silver winding through the valley is a river, which has poured its flood down a precipice twenty-seven hundred feet. The opposite wall of the chasm rises three-fourths of a mile. It is a perpendicular rock, without seam or scar to mar its beauty.

"Overwhelmed by the scene, we can only gaze as one who has suddenly passed into a higher existence and behold things 'not lawful for a man to utter.' We think of that holy city which Bunyan's Pilgrim saw beyond the river, from the Delectable Mountains. The sublimest imagery of the Revelation of St. John, portraying the transcendent glory of the New Jerusalem, alone is adequate to describe it. White clouds

rest above it as the angelic host hovered over the hills of Bethlehem, and sung the sweetest music ever heard on earth. The Merced, like the river of life proceeding from the throne of God, winds down from the celestial city, making glad the peaceful vale.

"Like the song of the redeemed is the music of the many-voiced waters swelling upward through the evening air. We behold beauty, grandeur, majesty, immensity, and omnipotence, and hear the *Te Deum Laudamus* ever ascending.

"There are eight persons in our company and we join in singing *Old Hundred*; but how insignificant! The only fitting choir would be the whole church militant singing the *Hallelujah Chorus* of the *Messiah*!"

The Flying Ship.

The first exhibition of Marriott's aerial steam carriage recently took place at the Avitor Works, at Shell Mound Park, San Francisco, before about a hundred invited guests. Unfortunately the strong wind which prevailed, prevented as thorough a trial as was desired. But the inventor, Mr. Frederick Marriott, who has been at work for eighteen years on the subject of aerial navigation, has now the proud satisfaction of standing where Fulton did when he made his first steamboat. He has secured, beyond doubt, a firm foundation around which inventors of all civilized nations will cast their offerings of improvements until the air will be traversed by men as safely as it now is by birds. The problem is solved, aerial navigation is no longer a question of doubt.

The aerial carriage, which is merely a large working model, is a balloon shaped like a cigar, both ends coming to a point. It is thirty-seven feet long, eleven feet from top to bottom, and eight feet in width. These are the measurements at the centre of the balloon, from which point it gradually tapers off toward either end. Around the balloon lengthwise and a little below the centre, is a light framework of wood and cane

strongly wired together and braced. Attached to this frame, and standing up as they approach the front of the carriage, are two wings, one on either side. They are each five feet wide at a little back of the centre of the carriage and do not commence to narrow down until they approach the front, where they come to a point. These wings are made of white cloth fastened to a light framework, which is braced securely by wires. The main frame is secured in place by means of strong ribbons which go over the balloon and are attached to corresponding portions of the frame on the other side. To the frame at the hind part of the carriage is attached a rudder or steering gear, which is exactly the shape of the paper used in pin darts, four, plans at right angles. This, when raised or lowered, elevates or depresses the head of the carriage when in motion; and when turned from side to side, guides the carriage as a rudder does a boat. At the centre and bottom of the balloon is an indentation or space left in the material of which it is built, in which the engine and machinery are placed on framework. The engine and boiler are very diminutive specimens, but they do their work handsomely. The boiler and furnace are together only a little over a foot long, four inches wide, and five or six inches in height. Steam is generated by spirit lamps. The cylinder is two inches in diameter and has a three-inch stroke. The crank connects by means of cog-wheels, with tumbling rods which lead out to the propellers, on either side of the carriage. The propellers are each two-bladed, four feet in diameter, and are placed in the frame-work of the wings. The boiler is made to carry eight pounds of steam. When not inflated, the carriage weighs eighty-four pounds. The balloon has a capacity for 1,360 feet of gas. When inflated and ready for a flight, it is calculated to have the carriage weigh from four to ten pounds.

The morning of the experiment was beautiful and still—scarcely a breath of air stirring. All the conditions were most favorable to suc-

cess. The gasometer was fully inflated at 6:15 o'clock, and the model was floated out of the building and across the race-track to the open space in the centre. In six minutes steam was got up—the rudder set to give a slight curve to the course of the vessel—and the valves opened. With the first turn of the propellers she rose slowly into the air, gradually increasing her speed until the rate of five miles an hour was attained. The position of the rudder caused her to describe a great circle, around which she passed twice, occupying about five minutes each time. Lines had been fastened to both bow and stern, which were held by two men who followed her track, and had sufficient ado to keep up with her at a "dog trot." As she completed describing the second circle, a pull given to the head line unintentionally, caused the rudder to shift to a fore-and-aft position, when the model pursued a straight flight up the race-track about a quarter of a mile; she was then turned round, and retraced her flight to the point of departure; whence, being duly guided, she entered the building. The fires were "drawn," and the first extensive flight of a vessel for aerial navigation was accomplished. The total distance traversed was a little over a mile. The appearance of the vessel in the air was really beautiful. As seen in the building, she looks cumbersome and awkward—just as a ship looks cumbersome and awkward on the stocks. The change of appearance as she is circling gracefully through the air is equal to that of the same ship when seen in the water. The first moment of opening the steam valve was one of suspense. As the vessel rose and forced slowly ahead, the suspense was scarcely dissipated; but in a very few seconds her speed increased—in obedience to the rudder she commenced to swing around the curve—the men at the guys broke into a trot, and cheer upon cheer rose from the little group. In years to come it will be something for these men to tell, that they were present at and saw the first mile-flight ever accomplished in the grand discovery of aerial navigation."

A Tour of the World.—How Long It Takes and What it Costs.

By starting at the right time, and by traveling westward, every country may be seen at its best season, and the tourist may be pretty sure of calm seas and pleasant weather all the way from San Francisco to Suez, and on to Europe.

Any one making the tour of the world should devote at least a year to travel. The trip can be made in ninety days, but he who makes it in that time will have weariness of body and a confused brain.

Before leaving home the tourist will do well to give some thought to the amount of baggage necessary for the trip, also to the size of his trunks. No person should take anything that is not absolutely necessary for comfort. Ready made clothing can be purchased any where in the seaports of the East; or a Chinese tailor will get up a well-made suit at short notice, for women as well as men.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company are more generous in the transportation of baggage than the steamship lines from China to India and Egypt. The Peninsular and Oriental state-rooms are small apartments, and it will be a great convenience to have trunks which can be put under the lower berth.

Sole leather trunks, in stout canvas coverings, with strong straps, are the best for a trip round the world. Two small ones are better than one large one. A waterproof canvasbag, which can be strapped upon a trunk, is a great convenience, especially to hold soiled clothing. A traveling shawl and waterproof overcoat are indispensable.

Such clothing should be worn as is suitable for fall wear in Boston or New York. There will be some cool days on the Pacific, and cool nights in Japan, China and India. A suit of dark gray is usually worn by old travelers. Woollen under-clothing will be best for every country, if the traveler goes by San Francisco, and leaves that port at the proper season.

A lady will need a short traveling dress, one black silk, and a third of such material as will be suitable for

ordinary occasions, a waterproof cloak, traveling shawl, hat, stout walking shoes, and a moderate quantity of under-clothing.

A circular letter of credit will be needed on bankers in Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Alexandria, Constantinople and European cities.

It may be well to take Mexican dollars from San Francisco, for use in Japan and China. The coin is current in those countries; and, as the balance of trade is usually against the United States, something may be saved by taking silver. Gold is not needed. It circulates to some extent in Japan; but the Chinese have not adopted it in their currency.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company ticket passengers through from New York to Japan, China and India, *not* by the Pacific Railroad, but by the Isthmus and Panama.

Two hundred and fifty pounds of baggage are allowed each adult cabin passenger.

The fare from San Francisco to Shanghai or Hong Kong is three hundred dollars, the same as from New York, the company being a competitor with the railroad for passengers between New York and San Francisco.

There are no steamers afloat which for elegance, comfort and spaciousness, compare with those of this line.

The secret of traveling with ease is to know where to go and how to get there, making all necessary preparations, and never to worry. It is care which kills us, wears us out before our time. The voyager in making up his route, if possible, should plan to be in Central and Southern China in November, India in December and January, and Egypt in February, Palestine and Syria in March and April, which will bring him to Europe, to travel northward up the Danube, or to Greece and Italy, with advancing seasons. Nine months between Boston and Egypt, by the westward route, is the least possible time which a traveler should devote to the trip. In this estimate the supposition is that one month will be taken up in the trip across the country and California.

By diligence, a study of routes, the days for steamers to sail, the trip can be made with ease and comfort, and enough seen to give one comprehensive ideas of the other side of the globe.

By following the general route which we have thus indicated, the traveler starting from New York in June and journeying westward may reach Southern Europe in ten or twelve months, having obtained meanwhile a good view of the old lands upon the other side of the globe.

Full information cannot be given in regard to the cost of a journey round the world, but the following general statement will enable the tourist to estimate the probable amount required for fares, reckoned at gold rates:

New York to San Francisco	\$ 100
San Francisco to Shanghai	300
Hankow and return	100
Shanghai to Hong Kong	75
To Canton, Macao, and return	30
Hong Kong to Calcutta via Ceylon	350
Calcutta to Delhi, second class	24
Return to Allahabad	10
Allahabad to Bombay	25
Bombay to Suez	300
Suez to Marseilles	90
Marseilles to London	20
London to New York	130

\$1,554

This estimate of expenses for passage money is low; it would be safe to add twenty five per cent.

sight. The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had been long buried beneath the ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins. There are countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals, all being of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they receive, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembles a sea fan of immense size of variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

Telegraphic Signals—A New System.

A new system of telegraphic signals has been well nigh perfected, which multiplies to an immense extent the present rate of transmission, and which is likely to work a great revolution in the business of telegraphing. Already a rate of from 500 to 1,000 letters a minute has been attained; and it is believed that this can be increased, by improvements to 2,000 letters per minute. If this is realized, and there is no reason to suppose it may not be—the only question being that of the power of human ingenuity to avail itself of the capacity of the electric current—the telegraph companies will be able to transmit dispatches for about the same price that the Post Office now charges for postage on letters. The real expense and delay will be simply in reducing the messages to writing.

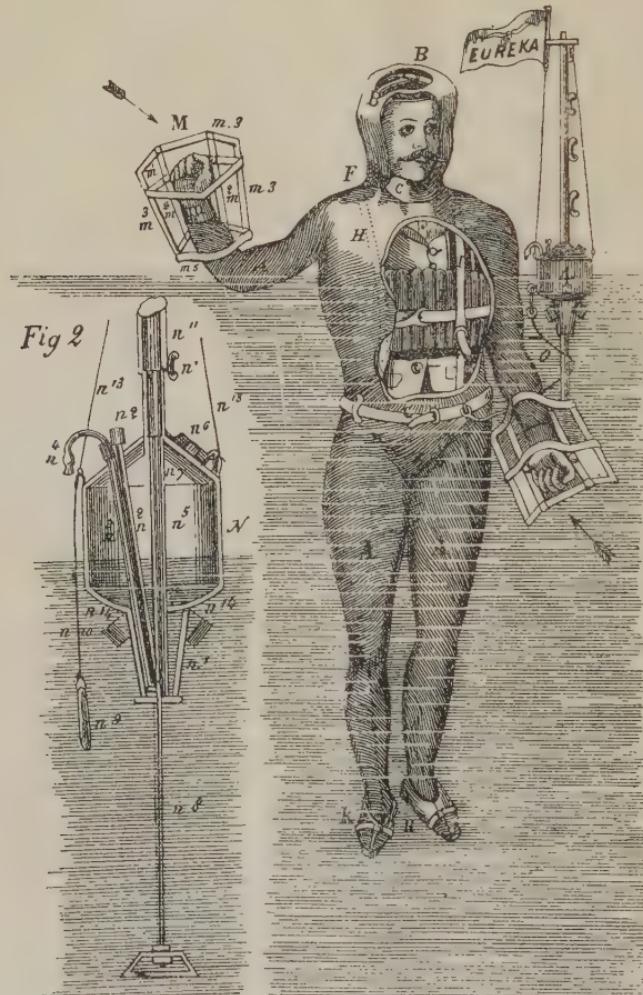
Beautiful Landscape under the Sea.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep water of the ocean. He thus sketches what he saw at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti: "The banks of coral, on which my divings were made, are about forty miles in length. On this bank is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the

PATENT LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.

Various as have been the devices employed to save life at sea in cases of ordinary shipwreck or sudden collision of vessels, there seems to have been only one thing considered in the large majority of them. To enable the body to float for any length of time in the water is, of course, the

first requisite for any such device. A task of so easy a nature as this would scarcely merit much notice, except upon humanitarian considerations. It certainly would not rank among the grand mechanical achievements which win immortality for their originators. Nothing can be more



simple. A person has merely to attach to the body, by lashings or otherwise, a sufficient quantity of some material considerably lighter than water, and which is incapable of absorbing water and sinking, and the thing is done. So effective is this simple means, that perhaps it would

be safe to say that not one in a thousand people thus provided would drown at sea, were it not for loss of strength consequent upon long exposure to cold, thirst, and starvation. These are the terrible enemies which conquer, the waves only supplementing their cruel work.

The life-saving apparatus of Captain John Stoner as shown in the accompanying engraving, puts weapons in the hands of its possessor to fight all these enemies for days together. This apparatus was exhibited to the press of this city and a large and select party of ladies and gentlemen, invited to witness the experiments on the evening of July 1st. The steamer *Sunnyside* was chartered for the occasion, starting from Pier 39, North River, about 4 p. m. After a short but pleasant cruise up the Hudson, the steamer turned and conveyed the party out into the bay, stopping nearly opposite Fort Hamilton.

Here a prolonged experiment was made with the apparatus, Captain Stoner, the inventor and one of the Trustees of the Life Saving and Ship Ballasting Co., each putting on a suit of it and leaping into the water. While there, these gentlemen seemed very much at their ease. Eating, drinking, smoking, and even reading

the news from papers taken from the floating magazine, shown in elevation at 4, in the engraving, and in section at Fig. 2. Each of these operations, performed under circumstances hitherto considered as incompatible with bodily comfort, received hearty applause from the party assembled on board the steamer, and when finally the experimenters were picked up and brought safely on board, the party gave vent to their enthusiasm by giving three hearty cheers to the gallant captain and his comrade, repeated with redoubled vigor when upon stripping off the rubber suits it was seen that their clothing was perfectly dry and their shirt fronts unsoiled.

Every one expressed themselves as being entirely satisfied with the result of the experiments, and if it is ever our fate to be shipwrecked, we hope to rob the disaster of much of its terror through the protection afforded by this apparatus.

HOROLOGY.

Popular tradition ascribes the invention of watches to Peter Hele of Nuremberg, in the year 1490. But then it is a notorious fact that King Robert of Scotland possessed one, so far back as the year 1310. The only way in which we can account for this discrepancy is by the supposition that watches were originally invented by a Scotchman, but that the maker died suddenly without promulgating his secret. German watches were not introduced at the English court until 1597. The first seen in England was worn by the beautiful Lady Arabella Stuart.

It is to Hugens of Zulichem that the greatest, we might almost say the last, progress in the art of horology is due. But Hugens only caught up an idea that had first occurred to the great Galileo. Every one knows the story of the lamp suspended to the vault of the cathedral of Pisa, the oscillation of which caused the astronomer to reflect that the isochronal movements of pendulums

might well be applied to the measuring of time. Galileo was only a boy when he stood watching the cathedral lamp swing; but many years after, that is in 1630, the thought came into his head again, and he drew up a plan on paper for the making of a pendulum clock. His invention went no further, however, and the honor of putting his theories into practice was reserved for Hugens, who, in 1657, forwarded to the States General of Holland the description of a timepiece, constructed on the new principles. Its perfection lay in the introduction of the pendulum and of the spiral mainspring. The name of Hugens deserves to be remembered, for his pendulum clock is the most admirable and yet most simple machine that has ever been invented.

The invention of spring pocket watches, such as we now wear, is owing to the Englishman Hooke; it dates from 1658; and eighteen years after this, in the year 1676, the first

repeating watch was made at Amsterdam. From this time until the present century when chronometers and stop-watches were invented, the science of horology received no further developments; neither do we well see how it can receive any, unless some future Hele or some future Hugens discover a method of making clocks go by electricity without giving us the trouble of winding.

English chronometers are held incomparable the whole world over, and this is no wonder when we remember the severe tests to which all official chronometers (that is, those used in her Majesty's Navy) are subjected before they are approved by the sign-manual of the Astronomer Royal. All naval chronometers have undergone a probationary stage of six months, a year, and in some cases two years at the Greenwich Observatory, before receiving their license to go over the seas. During this time they are submitted to a whole series of scientific experiments, comprising all possible changes of temperature, ordeal by fire, and ordeal by water. So that it may well be said when one of them passes the examination, that the man who has made it deserves something better than the title of mechanic; he should take rank as an artist, and a first rate artist too.

Marked Changes at Niagara Falls.

Various accounts agree that there has been a marked change in the appearance of the falls since last year. The theory in regard to the caving in or wearing away of Niagara has never had stronger confirmation before.—The Horse Shoe has evidently given way some thirty feet in that part of the cone where the "green water" is seen, so that the horse shoe appearance is metamorphosed to that of a triangular shape. It is thought that about one hundred and fifty tons of rock must have fallen in on the Horse Shoe alone, and old habitues are taking landmarks, to notice the recession that may take place before another year.

The American fall has evidently

given way at points to a considerable extent. There is no doubt but that Niagara is always crumbling away and falling back, but the present recession is probably the greatest ever witnessed by any one generation. The heavy ice fields which pass over in the spring, the strong currents and ceaseless wear and tear of time, and the mighty thundering cataract, must inevitably tell heavily upon the rocky crest of the grand old shrine; but of course its falling away must be so slow as not to be observable to the eye, except when, from time to time, some of the immense boulders are torn from their places.

Startling Figures.

It is estimated that 490,000,000 gallons of alcoholic liquors were drank the past year in this country. If this quantity should be put into barrels occupying forty gallons each, and these loaded upon teams holding ten barrels each, allowing each team to occupy thirty feet, the line would reach 6,960 miles. We have about 500,000 paupers in the country, made such by intemperance, and the cost of their support amounts annually to \$35,000,000. The expense to the United States on account of crimes committed under the influence of rum is estimated at \$40,000,000 a year, while that consequent upon insanity, more than one-half of which has been proved to be chargeable to this cause, is \$12,000,000. To these amounts and the cost of the liquor about \$1,088,000,000, add the value of the grain, sugar, and property destroyed, with the labor lost, and sickness in hospitals, and we find the annual amount expended in this country for this curse, to be \$1,650,000.

A New Translation.

One afternoon about the close of the war, in April, 1865, a part of the United States squadron, stationed at Albemarle Sound, was lying off the village of Edenton, North Carolina. A message was sent from shore to Captain Macomb, commander of the

leet, announcing that the ceremony of public baptism would be performed at two o'clock. The Captain ever courteous and considerate, supposed that some of his officers might wish to witness this little episode in the monotony of blockading, and directed that the fact should be communicated by signal to the other vessels. The naval signal book was forthwith brought out and searched, but the word *baptism* was not to be found. Here was a quandary and time was rapidly passing, but the Captain was not to be foiled. The quarter-master of the watch was set to work, and in a few minutes the bright colored signal flags of the Shamrock were at the mast-head, and the astonished officers of the other ships read: 'There will be religious diving on shore at 2 P. M.'

◆◆◆◆◆ "I Shall Stand at the Helm."

We had been out at sea several days, the latter portion of the time tossed by angry waves that threatened hour after hour to demolish our frail vessel. At last the tempest abated, but night was upon us just as we drew near the most dangerous place to be passed in the whole voyage.

As I stood beside the captain, who through all our time of peril had been no less tender than brave, I hesitated to seek my stateroom, for the thought crossed my mind, "These men may fail of their duty through weariness, and then to what dangers may we not be exposed?" Something of this I expressed to the captain. "You need not fear," he answered, "I shall stand at the helm."

When the morning dawned the dangerous point was passed. Through all the long hours of the night our captain had stood at the helm, and had guided us safely on our way, and now the sunlight rested like God's smile on the rippling waves, and hearts beat high with hope and thankfulness.

"I shall stand at the helm." The words gave a deeper, more abiding comfort than even my gallant friend intended. I thought of *One*, the all-powerful and all-pitiful Saviour, who stands ever at the helm as we pass

through tossing waves of affliction, while unforeseen tempests rage around us—stands at the helm in sunshine and in storm—He, the Captain of our salvation, the loving protector of all who seek him—stands at the helm, and safety comes through his presence and power. A. M. L.

No More Sea.

Summer ocean, idly washing
This gray rock on which I lean ;
Summer ocean, broadly flashing
With thy hues of gold and green ;
Gently swelling, wildly dashing
O'er yon island-studded scene ;
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,—
Miss the thunder of thy roar,
Miss the music of thy ripple,
Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore.
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee
When "the sea shall be no more."

Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee
As along the strand I range ;
Or, as here I sit and watch thee
In thy moods of endless change—
Mirthful moods, of morning gladness—
Musing moods of sunset sadness ;
When the dying winds caress thee,
And the sinking sunbeams kiss thee,
And the crimson cloudlets press thee,
And all nature seems to bless thee !—
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee—
Miss the wonders of thy shore—
Miss the magic of thy grandeur,
When "the sea shall be no more."

And yet, sometimes in my musing,
When I think of what shall be ;
In the day of earth's new glory,
Still I seem to roam by thee,
As if all had not departed,
But the glory lingered still ;
As if that which made thee lovely
Had remained unchangeable.
Only that which marred thy beauty,
Only that had passed away,
Sullen wilds of ocean-moorland,
Bloated features of decay.

Only that dark waste of waters,
Line ne'er fathomed, eye ne'er scanned,
Only that shall shrink and vanish—
Yielding back the imprisoned land,
Yielding back earth's fertile hollows,
Long submerged and hidden plains,
Giving up a thousand valleys
Of the ancient world's domains.
Leaving still bright azure ranges,
Winding round this rocky tower ;
Leaving still yon gem-bright island,
Sparkling like an ocean-flower.

Leaving still some placid stretches
Where the sunbeams bathe at noon,
Leaving still some lake-like reaches,
Mirrors for the silver moon ;
Only all of gloom and horror,
Idle wastes of endless brine,
Haunts of peril, storm and danger,
These shall be no longer thine.
Backward ebbing, wave and ripple,
Wondrous scenes shall then disclose,
And, like earth's, the wastes of ocean,
Then shall blossom as the rose.

H. BONAR.

Sailor Sam.

"Jesus found of one who sought him not."

It pleased God, by whom my steps were led to Langport, in the service of the Gospel, some years since, to bring there at the same time, a sailor who had run away from his father's home at ten years old and gone to sea. His parents knew not what had become of him, and mourned his loss more sadly than if he died beneath their roof. After an absence of twenty years, spent in the East India and China trade, he returned, a fine stalwart man, what his companions would call "a jolly sailor."

He had gone to his native place to seek his early home, and the parents from whom he had recklessly run away; but they had removed to the larger village of Langport. Thither he went, and having inquired for his father by name, he was told that the man he sought for worked for a Mr. Stuckey. He went to the place of Mr. S. and, seeing there an elderly man, he inquired,

"Does Mr. Stuckey live here?"

The old man answered, "Yes; do you want to see him?"

"No; but I suppose that I want to have a word with a man that works for him," said the sailor.

Twenty years had so changed both, that there was no recognition on either side. The old man then asked the younger,

"What is the man's name, whom you want?"

"Joseph Petheric," said the sailor.

"That's my own name," replied the other.

"Well if you are the man I'm looking for, *I'm your Sam*," said the heavy, broad sailor.

"No! you're not my son," said the father.

"But I *am* your son," persisted the sailor.

"Well if you are, your mother will know you,—come along with me."

They went together to the old man's home, and the father said to his wife,

"Mother, here is a strange man, who says he is our son Samuel."

"If he is," said the astonished mother, "he has a mark made by a piece

of wood on the elbow of his left arm, and by that I shall know at once."

The sailor had off his jacket in a moment, and baring his arm he said,

"There! will that do for a mark?"

"Yes! oh, yes! it *is* our Samuel, the lost one is found!" the mother exclaimed; and they "fell on his neck and kissed him," rejoicing like the mother of the prodigal son.

The parents however, soon discovered that their long lost son had returned to them, not only lost to a sense of his soul's eternal interest, but even to any care for the moralities common among men. Deeply grieved, and yearning over him with a parent's love, they sought by words of tender remonstrance and entreaty to win him to some consideration of these things, but all in vain; and the parents' society soon became uncongenial and irksome to the sailor. Two of his brothers had heard of his return and came from a short distance to spend the day with him, and—*that* they said—"to have a jolly spree."

The father, who had heard of the proposed preaching by a stranger, entreated Samuel to go with him in the evening to hear the Gospel. But Satan was at work there, as if anticipating that this thoughtless sinner would be plucked as a brand from the burning. He refused to go, preferring the company of his brothers, who were, like himself, without God and without hope in the world. So the three brothers started for the village tavern to seek congenial company. Finding him immovable, the father said to his son, "Well Samuel, if you will not go with me, I will go with you;"—and there, in that evil place, sat the swearing, drinking son and the praying Christian father.

After a little while, one of the brothers said, "Come, Sam, let us go to another place." They went a little way, the father following with yearning heart. Presently, Sam said to his brothers, "Let's go back; there's no fun in having father about after our heels,"—and back they went to the father's house. When there, to reply to further entreaty, Sam said, "Well I suppose there'll be nothing but sulks in the house, now I'm com-

ome, if I don't go to hear the preaching to-night,—so I'll go."

He came, but I had not heard a word about him, and did not even know that he was in the place. I reached the Gospel from the fifteenth chapter of Luke,—the Father's love to the prodigal son. After the meeting, on my way to my lodgings, was asked to stop and see a sailor who had lately returned home. I found a fine looking man seated and evidently under much emotion, his chest moving heavily. He may have often heard himself called a sinner by fellow-men, but now God said to him in the secret of his heart—"Sinner." and his guilty soul trembled at the thought of God's judgments for sin.

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"I dare say, it's all true enough what you say," he replied, "but Christ will have nothing to do with me. I'm too bad a fellow for him."

I added, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came to seek and to save the lost—the chief of sinners."

"Yes, but you don't know," said he, "how bad a fellow I am. In twenty years I have not entered a church, or read a word of the Bible or of any good book; and in the worst crew of wicked sailors that I ever shipped with I was so much worse than the rest that they named me the 'the ship's devil.' Why, sir, in the midst of a storm, when every plank seemed to tremble as the thunder broke and the lightning played around us, I have stood on the deck and madly cursed Him who sent the storm,—No, no! he'll not save me!"

I only added, "Jesus came to save real sinners, even the chief;" and then said, good night.

I did not call on him to pray for mercy, but rather to believe in mercy already provided. The fountain was there, and he was to be shown its waters rather than to be told to ask for it.

The next evening he was again present and heard the same Gospel as the night before,—of present, perfect, and eternal salvation, through faith only in the person and precious blood

of Christ. The following morning, while I was at breakfast with my host just previous to leaving the village, the door-bell was rung, and the servant came in, saying,

"Samuel Petheric is at the door sir; and he told me to say that he loves the preacher better than the preacher loves him."

We all thought at once what it meant, and said, "Oh, do tell him to come in!"—and we ran to meet him as he came. He was no sooner in the parlor than he said to me,

"Oh, my dear sir! I'm not the sailor you saw on Tuesday night,—I'm another man—a *new man*. I heard the good news again last night, and my heart was open to receive it; but the peace and joy didn't come just then. But after we went home, a brother said, 'Let us pray together;' and so he prayed, and then I prayed; and, as we rose from our knees, I found myself filled with peace and joy. And when I went to bed—No! bed indeed!—I didn't go to bed—who'd think of going to bed on such a night as that? But I went up to my room, and there I rejoiced and gave thanks to the Lord for my salvation. But all at once I thought, 'Ah but it is impossible—all those dreadful sins of so many years gone, —and in a moment?' And I turned round, and said, 'Ah Mr. Satan, that's you, is it? Come, come, you've had your way long enough,—yes! they are all forgiven; for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth from all sin.' So the old enemy had heard enough, and he fled."

That night the profligate sailor, "the ship's devil," was enabled to believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God; and in believing he received the knowledge of salvation, full, free, and complete. He was translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son. O! glorious translation—wondrous change!

"My dear sir," he continued, I feel as light as a cork; why I could clear that table at a spring with only one hand upon it." He spoke like a sailor as he had been used to speak, and I would give his own expressions. One look at Christ by faith and his

soul was saved ; he knew it too, and, like the Philippian jailor, he rejoiced the same night, believing.

He then went on to say :

" Why, there are *two of us here now!*"—striking himself on the breast, —yes, *two of us*, one holding with the Lord, and the other still holding with the devil. Even this morning, that one holding with the devil said. 'Come, Sam, let's put on our hat, and take a stroll ;' but the other said, directly, 'No, no, Samuel we'll go and see the servant of Christ, and tell him what the Lord has done for us.' So here I came. Oh ! how I should like to be able to go, and tell my old shipmates that Christ has sought me and found me : and tell them about him.—But there!—I suppose I must stay, and have my own faith and hope strengthened, and know more about the Lord before I try my hand at that ;—but I can pray for them."

I then said to him, " Samuel, you are indeed saved by grace ; and now the grace of God, that brings salvation, teaches us that denying ungodliness, and wordly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and—" " Oh yes!" interrupted he, " Why, the grace of God has been talking to me all the morning about that, just like a father would talk to his child. It said to me, ' Samuel, my boy, we have no more now to do with the old ways. It is our business now to please Christ and to follow him.' "

I took leave of him ; but four days afterward, at another village where I was preaching in a barn, I saw Samuel ; and he did indeed look like another man—not at all like the rough sailor I had first seen him. Some Christians were gathered round him, hearing and asking him questions. As I passed by I overheard his reply to some question, which I did not catch. The reply was,—" I don't know, I'm sure, for I'm *only four days old*."

Instead of being occupied with himself, and enquiring, like Nicodemus,—" *how can I be born again?*"—the sailor simply cast himself, by faith, on Jesus,—he *was* born again. One look at the brazen serpent healed the Israelite in the wilderness ; a single look at Jesus healed the sinful sailor.

The Israelite had not to do aught else but look to get healed ; the sailor had not a work to do, but just to look and be saved. It was not the way he looked, but the object he looked at that saved his soul. " *Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved.*"

What would he have gained by looking at himself and his emotions?—or by trying, before his spiritual birth, to love God?—or by seeking to make himself fit to come to God?—Nothing! What did he gain through looking to Jesus? First, " *everlasting life* ;" then the conscious possession of " *the new man* which after God is created in righteousness and *true holiness* ;" then grateful love toward his Saviour. He had not " *sought God*,"—but the good Shepherd had sought him in the wilderness of sin and death, and laid hold of him, and placed him in his own blessed fold.

Like the child of a nobleman, he did not yet know the varied results of his relationship, when " *only four days old*," but he could join the Apostle John, in saying, " *now are we the sons of God.*" Such is the rare and marvellous privilege God has joined to the simple belief of his truth. John i. 12. In receiving into his heart the record concerning Christ, he received the consciousness of new life. It was not by *feeling* something about himself, but by believing something about another ; and that something he had on the authority of God's word—" *the holy Scriptures.*"

It is well to understand this. Many are looking *in*, for evidence of the new life, instead of looking *out* at Christ who is the object that imparts the life. The more distinctly we understand, and the more fully we receive the testimony of the Word concerning Jesus, the more we enjoy rest in our souls. The whole design of God's testimony is to fix the heart on Jesus. It follows that the more simply we cling to Christ, apart from all besides, the more peaceful and happy shall we be. But directly we take the eye off Jesus, we become unhinged and unhappy, because nothing else can satisfy the conscience and the heart.

It is thus that many a Christian

perplexes himself all his days with the question,—“Am I His or am I not?” But this poor sailor knew with the apostle, that “Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God,” and that “If any man be in Christ he is a new creature;” not the old nature bettered, but a *new* nature born of God;—not moral improvement of a nature wholly and always evil—but *regeneration*, or new birth of God, by which the man becomes the partaker of the divine nature. “Of His own will begat he us.” The old nature remained in all its distinctness, inclining the sailor back to the paths of sin;—“two of us now, one holding with the Lord, and the other still holding with Satan;”—but the new nature was introduced in the power of the Spirit of God controlling the flesh, or old man.

And now for the sequel of my narrative, which I give precisely as it occurred, to the best of my memory deeply impressed by the Scriptural accuracy and clearness of the young convert’s faith.

Sailor Sam lived in the power of the new life begotten in him, following faithfully Him who had plucked him as a brand from the burning. I heard of him from time to time, as full of faith and good works, but saw him only once again, and then at an interval of some years. He was in port at the place of my residence, and came to see me. He told me he was mate of a schooner in the coasting trade, and added,—

“My dear sir, the captain is a son, and he *knows* it too; but he didn’t know it when we first met. When we were both below, and ’twas calm weather and all right on deck, I said to him, ‘Captain, shall we read a chapter, and have a little prayer?’ ‘With all my heart, mate,’ said he. So we read and prayed, and as we sat down I looked across the table and said to him,—‘Captain, are you a son?’ ‘Ah, said he, ‘as to that, I can’t say that I am a son.’ ‘Then you are an enemy!’ said I. ‘No mate,’ said he, ‘I know that I am no longer an enemy.’ ‘Then,’ said I you’re a son! He *knows* that now; and we have happy seasons often together, telling of the

grace and precious blood by which we were saved.”

Reader! are you unsaved? Behold, what God did for “the ship’s devil!” Can he—*will he, not do it for you?*

Are you saved? See that you exercise at least as much faith in what God says as did this unlettered sailor!

Keeping One’s Eyes Open.

Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue. When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within. Do not choose your friend by his looks: handsome shoes often pinch the feet. Don’t be fond of compliments: remember, “Thank you, pussy, and thank you, pussy,” killed the cat. Don’t believe in the man who talks most; for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers. By no means put yourself in other person’s power: if you put your thumb between two grinders, they are very apt to bite. Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says. Don’t go to law unless you have nothing to lose: lawyers’ houses are built on fools’ heads. In any business, never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom. Put no dependence upon the label of a bag; and count money after your own kin. See the sack opened before you buy what is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated. Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character. Beware of every one who swears; he who would blaspheme his Maker, would make no bones of lying or stealing. Beware of no man more than of yourself: we carry our worst enemies within us. When a new opinion or doctrine comes before you, do not bite till you know whether it is bread or a stone; and do not be sure that the gingerbread is good because of the gilt on it. Never shout halloo! till you are quite out of the wood; and don’t cry fried fish till they are caught in the net. There is always time enough to

boast—wait a little longer. Don't throw away dirty water till you have got clean: keep on at scraping the roads till you can get better work; for the poorest pay is better than none, and the humblest office is better than being out of employment. Always give up the road to bulls and madmen; and never fight with a coal-heaver, or contend with a base character, for they will be sure to blacken you.

Neither trust nor contend,
Nor lay wagers, nor lend,
And you may depend
You'll have peace to your end.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

Have You a Compass?

BY REV. L. H. PEASE, SEAMEN'S
CHAPLAIN.

"Of course we have," says Jack Tar; "as well go to sea without canvass; most ships have several; aye, and the man at the wheel must keep his eye on it."

How insignificant and inadequate to its wants was the world's commerce through the many centuries before the discovery of the mariner's compass. At length, about A. D. 1302, some curious persons were amusing themselves by causing a loadstone suspended on a piece of cork to swim in a basin of water, and they noticed that when left at liberty it pointed north. This discovery of the polarity of the magnet, made in this simple manner, by an obscure citizen of Amalfi, in Italy, and its application to the uses of navigation completely revolutionized the commerce of the globe, and rendered the universal triumph of civilization and christianity practicable. Since then, no matter how terrific the storm,

" Yet dauntless still the steersman stood,
And gazed without a sigh,
Where poised on needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim,
The compass meets his eye."

Fellow voyager to eternity, are you steering your frail bark by God's compass—the Bible? Have you this self-illumined compass on board? Where do you keep it? Is it in the binnacle? How often do you look at it? Can you box God's compass? How does your bark head? Where are you bound? Do you say, I don't know? Not know to what port you are bound! Strange sailing that! Are you crazy, or intoxicated?—What port will you make if you continue sailing on this tack, heaven or hell? Are you beating about with no port in view, drifting along in the fogs of ignorance and doubt, down the current of lust and intemperance, into the shoals and breakers of vile company, and places of amusement and vicious indulgence, hard by the whirlpool of hell-gate? If so, down with your helm at once, and claw off, or your fragile bark with its priceless freight will be dashed on the rocks of despair in the gulf of eternal ruin before you are aware of it. And you have no insurance on it. When will you be wise?

Delude not yourself with the appearance of sunny skies, and smooth seas. There are under-currents in the placid seas of worldly prosperity not seen on the surface; and outer circles in the whirlpool of ruin; and an under-tow that will suck you back into the depths, when you think you have just safely reached home. Many a sailor has bravely

" Stood the storm when seas were rough,
But in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility."

Suppose a sailor navigating unknown and perilous seas, should keep his compass where he commonly keeps his Bible, if he has one, vi

the bottom of his chest, and look it as rarely as he does at his Bible, never mind his helm, and keep no lookout, what would become of the precious lives and valuable cargo intrusted to his charge? And who would be responsible and blame-worthy for the loss? If at sea you was steering wide of the point ordered by your commander, how many times would he repeat his commands to you to change your course, and allow you to continue heedless?—How many minutes would he wait to have you get ready to move the helm? And how many thousand times has God with infinite authority commanded you to change your course of life, in vain? And how many years has he been waiting for you to turn?

Mariner, I warn you as a friend, *there are breakers ahead*, and worse breakers than you ever saw at sea. Both wind and tide with awful might are driving you upon the harborless, wreck-covered shores of perdition. And you have all your topsails and studding sails set. And however trim you keep your ship at sea, you never tack or reef ashore. And be it known to you, wreckers have kindled false lights to mislead you.—There is a terrible Satanic combination for your ruin, of crimps, and landlords, and rumsellers, and harlots—human vultures, who maintain a pestiferous existence by preying upon your vitals, and stimulating your worst propensities, and decoying you to a sadder ruin than proud bark lost, —to the shipwreck of the soul; the double shipwreck of body and soul. And the best compass ever placed in a binnacle, all the guides of reason, and all your knowledge of navigation, and every science, can never give you the needful

points of the compass along the reefs, and shoals, and straits, and eddies, and currents of worldly temptation and trial, much less across the river of death, into the celestial haven.

You need something that can conduct you when all earthly help has failed; a Pilot who will stand by the wheel where no earthly pilot has ever sailed; a light-house that will illumine the grave; a chart of that harbor which lies in another world. And you will search the universe in vain for anything that can do this but the Bible. It is a compass that will give you, not merely the thirty-two points of the card, but every point of right and wrong to a jot and tittle, and it has no variations, and will always traverse freely. It is a spy-glass, which will pierce the thickest fogs of ignorance and error, and the darkest night of trial and death, and with which you can see the spires of the New Jerusalem. It is a quadrant, with which you can take accurate observations at any time of day or night, and find your bearing, and distance from God, and heaven, and hell. It is a chart, on which every place of danger and of safety in this world and in the world to come, is clearly and accurately laid down.

It is the pharos of the universe, the light-house of immortality, shedding a quenchless light above the brightness of the sun, over the moral darkness of all worlds, and through all the distance of eternity.

Perhaps you did not think much of that book as your mother gave it to you, when, with her consent, or, without it, you was determined to go to sea. But, can you ever forget the tearful, anxious, affectionate countenance which she then wore, and her sweet farewell words? Perhaps she

has ceased to pray for you, and her anxious heart is at rest in the grave. But she is looking out to see if you are coming home. Look up,

"There is a light in the window for thee."

Do you expect to meet your friends in heaven? If you have any desire to do so, or to meet God in peace, search the scriptures daily, candidly, thoroughly, prayerfully, with self-application. And be not merely a reader, or hearer, but a doer of the word. Not merely lash the Bible to your breast, as the little Sabbath school boy did when in danger of shipwreck, but receive its precious truths into the inner chambers of your heart, and the Author of the Bible with them, and give your heart without delay to Him who so loved you that He died to save your soul.

Will you do it just now?

Labrador.

Rev. S. R. BUTLER, under date June 24, writes from Caribou Island:

"A year ago the people were suffering very much from want of the commonest necessities of life. I am glad to be able to report a much more prosperous state of things at present. They were very liberally aided by the Canadian Government last fall and with a successful seal-catch this spring, they are able to commence anew with a good prospect of regaining their former prosperity as far as fisheries are concerned.

A few families left the coast last fall, but most of those accustomed to collect in the winter settlement were with us. The Chapel and dwelling house were both made more comfortable for winter use; the school has been well attended, and the various religious services also. There has not been any special religious inter-

est, and yet there has been deep thoughtfulness, and a spirit of inquiry on the part of a few. One new member has been added to our church."

Belgium.

Rev. J. H. PETTINGELL writes of his work at Antwerp, under date August 6th: "We were never getting on better or so well in our Bethel. The services have been crowded to overflowing for the past few Sabbaths, and the meetings solemn. Our Bethel at my last service, would not hold more than two-thirds of those who came and they overflowed into the reading room."

Honolulu, S. I.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL KEPT BY E. D.

March 7th.—This morning went around distributing tracts among the shipping and inviting to the Bethel. Afternoon, visited the prison; held a meeting among the foreign prisoners; near a dozen present, several being seamen; had a few plain words individually with each. Later in the afternoon, attended open air meeting at Booth's Corner. Mr. T— spoke earnestly in English, Mr. E— in Hawaiian, and Mr. A— in Chinese; a very interesting time. This evening, Mr. A— preached to his countrymen in the Bethel; a very attentive audience of Chinese present; the lower part of the church well filled; over a hundred present all seemed well pleased on leaving.

14th.—Visited the shipping, took a boat and went on board the clipper ship *King Philip*, laying off at anchor, and bound to Baker's Island; quite a large crew on board; wen-

into the forecastle with a stock of reading matter, and invited several of the men who were scattered on deck to come in; had quite a little gathering; read to them part of the 3d chapter of St. John, making some remarks as I proceeded, and then engaged in prayer; found there was only one English Bible in the forecastle, so I left them the Word of God.

29th.—Had a conversation with a very intelligent young man in the reading room, cabin boy in whaleship *L*—; felt much interested in him, being the son of pious parents; his father, who was dead, had been a Wesleyan minister in England. He had been highly educated in Latin, Greek, and all the English branches; but taking a fancy to the sea, off he went from home; arriving in San Francisco, he ran away from his vessel; enticed to a low sailor boarding-house, all his advance wages from the present vessel was taken for a few days board, and he packed away with no clothing. Reminded him of the prodigal son, and a prodigal's welcome by his Father; as he had no Bible, supplied him with one, and the little book "Come to Jesus."

30th.—Visited the U. S. Marine Hospital; left a supply of religious papers and magazines; to the sick Hollander gave a Testament in his own language, and to a Portuguese, who wished one, gave a Portuguese Testament. The captain of whaleship *Aurora* called into the office with one of his crew, a Russian; he remarked, "I have three natives of Sitka on board; this is the only one that can read, and I want a Russian Testament for him." Supplied him, marking a few passages, such as 1 Tim. i. 15, Matthew ii. 28, and also gave some Russian tracts. Made up

a stock of reading for the captain and crew, he being bound away North. A Portuguese seaman, from whaleship *H*—, called to get some reading in his own language, to take to sea; gave him "Pilgrim's Progress" and some tracts.

April 4th.—Went round among the shipping; entered into conversation with several seamen, many of whom came to the Bethel; to a young man on board a German vessel, gave "Baxter's Call," in Danish, and distributed reading among the crew, a fine set of German seamen. The Rev. Capt. Bingham preached an excellent sermon in the Bethel this morning, from 2 Cor. viii. 9, a plain message to the converted and unconverted. In the afternoon, I visited the U. S. Marine Hospital, spent some time among the sick, left a large English Bible for their use. Mr. Aheong (the converted Chinaman) held a service for his countrymen in the Bethel, in the evening; the body of the church was well filled with Chinese; his discourse was based on Exodus xx. 3, and was listened to with marked attention.

13th.—Made up tracts and a Portuguese Bible for some Portuguese seamen belonging to whaleship *Camilla*; also for some Germans and Danes. Visited the Queen's Hospital; John Wetterling, the Swedish sailor, still lingers, as it were, at the very borders of the Jordan. On asking particularly about his state, he replied, "I have no doubts about my acceptance with God; I take Him at His word." John lived a careless life most of his days; came here from San Francisco some twenty months ago, in consumption, hoping to be benefitted by the climate, and in this land found health to his soul in finding the Saviour.

16th.—The bark *Ethan Allen* has anchored outside, on her way from Australia to San Francisco, with passengers, several of them ashore; conversed with some, and made up a good supply of reading matter, which was taken on board. Made up reading for crew of *J. D. Thompson*, bound North, including a Portuguese Bible and tracts, also German reading; and pointed the young man who took them to Jesus.

19th.—Visited the English ship *Mattie Banks*, from Japan; conversed with the men in the forecastle; distributed papers and tracts among them all. I found there was not a single Bible among them, with the exception of a Dane who had a Danish one; having a Testament with me, gave it to one of the seamen, who wished it.

25th.—Went around to the shipping before Bethel service; had I trust a very profitable conversation with a seaman conscious of his need of a Saviour. About half a dozen of my Chinese scholars attended preaching. I hope, as they advance somewhat further in English, to have several of them in a Sabbath school class. Visited the Queen's Hospital; conversed with a new patient, a seaman discharged from an English ship.

May 9th.—Went around among the shipping, distributing papers, tracts, and inviting to the Bethel; several seamen attended; the Rev. Dr. Gulick preached. In the afternoon, went on board the vessels laying at anchor. To the ship *Syren*, leaving in a few days for New Bedford, gave a good stock of reading; spent some time in the forecastle with her crew; pressed upon them to secure good anchorage for Eternity. Visited the ship *Lorenzo*, from Japan; her crew were glad to get

something to occupy their minds; read to them a portion of the Word of God, and pointed them to the Friend of sinners. On board the bark *Domingo*, I was much encouraged by the willingness of the men to listen to what was said, and before leaving the forecastle had prayer. They are from New Zealand. Going into the cabin, I was cordially received by the captain. I was surprised to learn from him that, some forty-five years ago, he found the Saviour; had been some years ago a class leader in the Methodist church; but now the cares of the world were filling his mind.

12th.—Visited the old captain on board his vessel; invited him to prayer-meeting this evening; but he was full of excuses, the claims of business calling him away. Conversed with several of the crew. Captain Tengstrom (of the Missionary packet *Morning Star*) conducted the prayer meeting in the vestry; after which I had a conversation with a very intelligent young man belonging to the *Domingo*; he told me of his helping to establish a Mission Sabbath school in San Francisco, of which he was treasurer; but, like some of Noah's carpenters, he helped along the ark, though he never entered it.

16th.—Distributed tracts among seamen before Bethel service; invited the old captain again to the House of God, but as usual filled with business, no room for Christ in his heart; told him that the world may shut him out of Heaven, and left him the tract "Too Late." Rev. Mr. Bishop preached in the Bethel. In the afternoon, I visited the prison; held a meeting among the foreigners, also among the Chinese and Japanese prisoners; distributed Chinese tracts; with thanks they gladly received them.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

Mr. Alexander, under whose administration this Institution is regaining its former popularity, reports one hundred and sixteen arrivals during the month of July. These deposited with him \$3,585, of which \$1,260 were sent to relatives, and \$1,100 placed in Savings Bank.— *Thirty-one went to sea from the Home during the month without advance.*

Colored Sailors' Home, 2 Dover St.

Mr. Powell reports for July, twenty-five arrivals.

Missing Vessels.**LIST OF SHIPS SAILING BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PORTS GIVEN UP AS LOST.**

The following is a list of vessels sailing from or bound to American ports which are supposed to be lost. They were insured and owned either here or in England :

Bark *Flora*, from New-York for Bristol, Nov. 26, 1868.

Schooner *Franke*, from Port Morans, Jam., for New York, April 15, 1869.

Schooner *C. C. Colgate*, from Mobile for Liverpool, Dec. 23, 1868; spoken May 1, lat. 31 lon. 73.

Brig *Swift*, from Harbour de Grace, N. F. for New York, Nov. 24, 1868.

Brig *Sarah Ann*, from Baltimore for St. Johns, N. F. Dec. 3, 1868.

Steamship *United Kingdom*, from New York for Glasgow, April 19, 1869.

Ship *West*, from New York for Liverpool, Feb. 3, 1869.

Brig *Georgiana*, from Cumberland Inlet for New London, Oct. 15, 1868.

Bark *Tempest*, from New York for London, Oct. 30, 1868.

Bark *Toscana*, from New York for Glasgow, Nov. 29, 1868.

Brig *Beatrice*, from Baltimore to Liverpool, last heard of Jan. 3, 1868.

Bark *Coral*, from Quebec to Liverpool, last heard of Nov. 22, 1868.

Brig *Cynthia*, from Summerside, (P. E. I.,) to Liverpool, last heard of Dec. 1, 1868.

Bark *Glasgow*, from Boston to London, last heard of Nov. 24, 1868.

Brig *Golden Pledge*, from Liverpool to Castine, last heard of Jan. 24, 1869.

Brig *John G. Paint*, from Boston to Queenstown, last heard of Dec. 8, 1868.

The *Bureau Veritas*, published in Paris, has a list of 190 vessels of all descriptions and nationalities that, on the 1st. June, were given up as lost

Total Disasters Reported in July.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to and from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 19, of which 13 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 1 foundered, and 3 are missing. They are classed as follows : 1 ship, 5 barks, 1 brig, 11 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total value exclusive of cargoes is estimated at \$316,000.

Below is the list, giving names, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

SHIP.

J. P. Whitney, *f*, from Calcutta for Mauritius.

BARKS.

Western Belle, *w*, from Humboldt for San Francisco.

Sarepta, *w*, from Boston for Aspinwall.

Observer, *w*, from Morant Bay, Ja. for N. York.

Jersey, *w*, from Salem for Zanzibar.

Auguste, *a*, from Newcastle, E., for New York.

BRIG.

Ontario, *a*, from New York for Melbourne.

SCHOONERS.

Sarah Helen, *w*, from Nassau for Ruatan Island.

J. B. Small, *w*, from New York for Belize, Hon.

Nellie Short, *m*, (Fisherman.)

Rippling Wave, *w*, from Boston for S. Francisco

Luella, *w*, (On Pacific Coast.)

Lizzie Gowen, *m*, from New York for Glasgow.

A. H. Swasey, *w*, (Fisherman.)

Geo. H. Rogers, *m*, (Fisherman.)

Alice M. Gould, *w*, (Fisherman.)

Lady Dundas, *w*, from Boston for St. Pierre Miq.

Transit, *w*, from Philadelphia for Dighton.

SLOOP.

Jabez Howes, *w*, (On Fox Island, Pacific Coast.)

Receipts for July, 1869.**MAINE.**

Bath, Winter Street ch., of which a friend \$15 for library..... \$49 25

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Nashua, Pearl St. ch..... 32 45

VERMONT.

Bridgeport, Cong. ch.	11 50
Chester, Mrs. Euice E. Lord.	5 00
St. Johnsbury, S. S. North Cong. ch.	
libraries	51 48

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, College ch. additional.	9 50
Andover, West ch., of which Seamen's Friend Society \$15 for library, and const. Chas. M. Abbott, and Mrs. Martha Walker, L. Ms.	
Attleboro, Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, by Mrs. A. A. Capron, Treas.	75 00
Beverly, A friend to the sailor.	25 00
East Douglass.	5 00
East Hampton, 1st Cong. ch.	20 20
Falmouth, Ladies' Sea Fr'd. Soc.	21 72
Middleboro, 1st Cong. ch.	15 00
Monson, Dea. A. W. Porter.	19 37
Newburyport, Whitfield ch.	50 00
North Abington, Cong. ch.	15 63
Oakham, Cong. ch.	9 25
Palmer, Cong. ch.	33 98
Pittsfield, J. Tatlock.	22 40
Saxonyville, Cong. ch.	43 25
South Abington, Cong. ch.	23 28
South Adams, Cong. ch.	25 40
South Boston, "E" st. S. S. for lib'y.	15 00
South Hadley Falls, 1st Cong. ch., const. Rev. Geo. E. Fisher, L. M.	30 50
South Weymouth, 2d Cong. ch.	17 00
Sturbridge, Cong. ch.	45 70
Williamsburg, Cong. ch.	55 44
Worcester, Central Cong. ch. S. S. (of which Miss Barnard's class \$31) for libraries.	72 50

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Beneficent Cong. ch.	84 00
----------------------------------	-------

CONNECTICUT.

Bloomfield, Cong. ch. for library.	15 00
Meth. Epis. ch.	5 00
Derby, 1st Cong. ch.	44 00
East Haven, Legacy Mrs. Eliza. Dodd, less Gov. tax.	94 00
Guilford, Estate of Timothy Hotchkiss dec'd, by T. Dwight Hotchkiss, W. Meriden, Ex.	850 00
Hartford, Pearl St. ch.	147 35
Hockanum, Hilltown S. S. for lib'y.	15 00
Mansfield Center, a friend, const. Miss Delia Salter, L. M.	30 00
Milford, Estate Nancy B. Durand, by Chas. Durand, Ex.	800 00
Mount Carmel, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.	30 00
New Britain, Center Cong. ch.	75 53
New Haven, Legacy Miss Susan Trowbridge, \$600, less Gov. tax.	470 00
New Milford, Ladies' Mite Society.	10 00
Norwalk, 1st Cong. ch., additional.	2 10
Stamford, "M. J. B." to const. herself and Miss Abigail Smith, of Banksville, Ct., and Mrs. W. H. Mead, of Mianus, Ct. L. Ms.	100 00
Stratford, Gen. G. Loomis.	2 00
Thomaston, Cong. ch.	46 38
Westbrook, Cong. ch.	14 72
Wilton, Cong. ch. S. S. for library.	48 09
Windsor, Mrs. Wilson's class of young ladies, for library.	15 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Church of the Pilgrims, const. H. D. Atwater, L. M.	40 00
Puritan Cong. ch.	58 50
Buffalo, S. S. Westminster, Pres. ch. for library.	15 00
1st. Pres. ch., Mrs. L. W., and Miss Mary S. McKnight, lib'y \$15, and Edward D. Wiigus, \$15 do.	30 00
J. D. Sawyer, additional for Willie B. Sawyer's library	5 00

Burdett, Pres. ch.	9 70
M. E. ch.	2 90
Cambria, M. E. ch.	4 50
Caryville, H. Armstrong	1 00
Elmira, Cong. ch.	60 00
H. Boardman Smith	5 00
Individuals	6 00
Fairport, Free Bapt. ch.	9 07
Farmer, Bapt. ch.	3 72
Geneva, Mrs. M. P. Squier	5 00
Greenwich, Cong. ch.	18 62
Herkimer, Ref. ch.	8 50
Meth. Epis. ch.	6 50
Epis. ch.	2 75
Jamaica, Ref. D. ch. S. S. for library.	18 50
McGrawville, Bapt. ch.	10 06
M. E. ch.	2 50
Pres. ch.	8 85
Mexico, Pres. ch.	22 73
Bapt. ch.	5 70
Meth. Epis. ch.	5 25
Mohawk, Ref. ch.	4 95
Meth. Epis. ch.	3 52
Newburgh, Mrs. Mary S. Farrington	1 00
New York City, Chas. H. Marshall	100 00
John H. Boynton	100 00
Mrs. Theodosia Boynton	50 00
Wm. Hoge & Co.	50 00
Mrs. C. B. Atterbury, const. Lewis L. Atterbury, L. M.	30 00
Geo. D. Cragin	25 00
Wm. F. Cary	25 00
J. H. Knapp, for library	15 00
E. C. Benedict	10 00
L. B. Wyman	10 00
H. P. M.	5 00
J. H. Linsley	5 00
J. P. C.	5 00
Capt. Garvin, bark <i>Peter O'erar</i>	4 00
" J. C. Beals, bark <i>Cairo</i>	3 00
" Smith, ship <i>Bavaria</i>	2 45
" Gorham, brig <i>Executive</i>	2 00
Frank Shepard	2 00
Oneida, Bapt. ch. S. S. for library	15 15
Meth. Epis. ch.	3 39
Ontario, Wesleyan Meth. ch.	3 54
Painted Post, Bapt. ch.	12 30
Meth. Epis. ch.	6 61
Penfield, Pres. ch.	5 56
Bapt. ch.	4 49
Meth. Epis. ch.	4 05
Penn Yan, Pres. ch.	62 15
Bapt. ch.	3 37
Pittsford, Cong. ch.	8 58
Bapt. ch.	5 33
Meth. Epis. ch.	4 68
Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Mary Jane Myers	30 00
Rochester, 1st Meth. Epis. ch.	35 30
Rye, Capt. R. B. Chapman	3 00
Seneca Falls, Cong. ch.	13 07
Sheldrake, Meth. Epis. ch.	12 89
Victor, S. S. Dis. No. 7	1 35
West Middlebury, Bapt. ch.	9 50
Williamsburgh, Miss C. B. Davies, lib'y South 3d St. Pres. ch.	15 00
" " " " S. S., Master Harry Howell, for library	21 35
Williamson, Pres. ch.	11 83
Bapt. ch.	5 64

NEW JERSEY.

Cranberry, 1st Pres. ch. S. S., for Symmes C. Henry, library.	15 00
Montclair, Pres. ch. S. S. Morning star class, for library.	15 00
Newark, Wm. Rankin, Esq.	50 00
2d Pres. ch.	105 45

MICHIGAN.

Ionia, 1st Cong. ch.	3 38
\$5,019 20	



September.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [1869.

Honesty the Best Policy.

One day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next morning. Early in the morning the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress. As he went along, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent—

“Hie, mun, come here, and gie’s a han’ wi’ this beast.”

The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, “Come here, mun, and help us, and as sure as anything I se gie ye half I get.”

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

“And now,” said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, “how much do you think you will get for the job.”

“I dinna ken,” said the boy, “but I’m sure o’ something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a’ bodie’s.”

As they came to a lane near the house the duke slipped away from the boy, and entered by a different way.

Calling his butler, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying, “Give that to the boy who has brought the cow.”

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

“Well, how much did you get?” asked the duke.

“A shilling” said the boy, “and there’s half o’ it to ye.”

“But surely you had more than a shilling,” said the duke.

“No,” said the boy, “sure that’s a’ I got; and d’ye no think it’s plenty?”

“I do not,” said the duke: “there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I’ll get you more.”

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

“Now,” said the duke to the boy, “point me out the person who gave you the shilling.”

“It was that chap there with the apron,” said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service immediately.

“You have lost,” said the duke, “your money, your situation, and your character, by your deceitfulness:

learn, for the future, that *honesty is the best policy.*"

The boy now found out who it was that helped him to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy, that he sent him to school and provided for him at his own expense.

—♦—
Library Reports.

During the month of July fifty libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, 80 Wall St. Nineteen new and thirty-one refitted.

The following are reported, viz:

No. 273—The Capt. writes, "books have been read with interest, and have been the means of doing good to my crew." Gone to Jacksonville on schooner *M. A. Banks.*

No. 567.—Has been several voyages to South America and Europe; books read by different crews. Gone to West Indies on brig *Conquerall.*

No. 609.—Has been to South America and different ports in West Indies; books read with interest; gone to sea on schooner *Virginia.*

No. 655.—Returned, refitted and gone to sea on schooner *L. L. Mills.*

No. 995.—Has been several voyages. Gone to Texas on schooner *Carrie.*

No. 1,117.—Has been several voyages to Spain; books read and appreciated. Gone to Buenos Ayres on brig *W. Smith.*

No. 1,189.—Has been three voyages to Mexico; books read with interest. Gone to Pictou on bark *Phoenix.*

No. 1,331.—Returned from several voyages to South America; books read with profit. Gone to Malaga on schooner *Silver Star.*

No. 1,393.—Returned from South America; refitted and now gone to Europe on schooner *Wanata.*

No. 1,529.—Refitted and gone to Demerara on schooner *Hortensia.*

No. 1,574.—Returned from several voyages to different ports; books read with interest. Gone to Porto Rico on schooner *R. W. Brown.*

No. 1,744.—Been several voyages to South America; books well read. Gone to Bristol, Eng., on bark *E. Chapin.*

No. 1,853.—Been a number of voyages to West Indies; books greatly useful. Gone to Galveston on brig *Curlew.*

No. 1,871.—Been several voyages to Cuba; books appreciated. Gone to Genoa on brig *Frank.*

No. 1,884.—Been two voyages to San Francisco, to Europe and Mobile. Books read with interest and profit; now gone to Oporto on schooner *F. Smith.*

No. 1,968.—Been to San Francisco and Europe. Books enjoyed and useful. Gone to Cadiz on schooner *Royal Arch.*

No. 2,002.—Been to several different ports. Refitted and gone to West Indies on sch. *H. Middleton.*

No. 2,077.—Returned from South America; gone to Shula, N. S., on schooner *F. Artemas.*

No. 2,161.—Has been to Africa, and different ports; books read with much interest. Gone again to Africa on brig *Sea Eagle.*

No. 2,287.—Has been a voyage to the Pacific; books greatly enjoyed. Gone to Madeira Islands on brig *Executive.*

No. 2,397.—Been several voyages to Europe: books read with profit. Gone to Fernandina on brig *Hampden.*

No. 2,415.—Returned from two voyages to Europe; books highly prized. Gone to Galveston on brig *Hyperion.*

No. 2,468.—Returned from South America and Europe; books read with interest. Gone to Pictou on bark *Atlantic.*

No. 2,594.—Has been two voyages to Europe; books read by officers and crew. Now gone to Galveston and Europe on bark *Sabine.*

No. 2,872.—Has been two voyages to Galveston and Europe; books read by officers and crew with interest. Gone to Spain on bark *G. Dallet.*

No. 2,975.—Returned from a voy-

age to Europe; books read by officers and crew with interest and profit. Gone to Malaga on bark *Speedwell*.

No. 651.—"Has been on board brig *A. G. Jewett* two years; has done much good. All on board have read it."

G. B. R.

No. 2,366.—Returned and gone to sea again on brig *A. G. Jewett*.

No. 2,732.—Returned in good condition. "All seemingly improved. It has done a great amount of good." Gone to sea on schooner *Elizabeth*.

No. 2,790.—"Crew seem glad to get the books. Will send the library to New York from Havre."

No. 2,289.—Returned, refitted and gone to West Indies.

No. 2,063.—Returned from Europe. "Sixteen prayer-meetings held; one conversion and three have knocked off swearing. I am very thankful for the books. They have been read with great interest." Gone to West Indies.

No. 869.—Returned in good condition. "Has done much good." Gone to Melbourn on ship *Pariton*, 25 men.

No. 651.—Returned: books much read by all. Gone to South America on bark *C. Rogers*, 10 men.

No. 2,702.—Returned, refitted and gone to San Francisco on ship *Horatio Harris*, 25 men.

No. 2,772.

Brig "E. H. Adams" at sea, July 13, 1868.

Rev. S. W. Hanks,

"We are three and a half months from home, and I can assure you the library has been a great blessing. We have a crew of twenty-two men, all from Massachusetts, and they are mostly young, and I feel that with the library on board and by the help of God, the crew can be made to feel their need of a Saviour. The books are read a great deal by all on board, except one man and he gets others to read to him. Two of the crew have resolved to live for Christ. We have the chart of the *Black Valley Rail Road* hung up in the cabin, one on each side. They have about all signed the pledge. I believe the

library has been the means of saving many from going down the broad road. I will write again."

W. M. ELDRIDGE,
Chief Mate.

No. 1,997.—"GENTLEMEN, Enclosed please find three dollars for the use of the excellent library furnished brig *Delmont Late* last March. You have my thanks and best wishes for the continued success and prosperity of your Society.

Respectfully yours,
C. M. COCHRAN."

No. 2,581.—"The crews appear grateful for the books. They generally take good care of them. Among our crews we have frequently a number who cannot read, and very often those who do not care to hear others read; but generally speaking, the men who have sailed with me, have been pleased to have a library on board for their use.

R. FAULKE, *Master.*"

No. 899.

OLD HARBOR, JAMAICA, July 10, '69.
To the Am. Sea. Fr'd. Soc., 80 Wall Street, New York.

Gentlemen, This will be handed you by Capt. Matthews, of the brig *Sally Brown*, with four dollars, the small sum which I at present wish to contribute towards the aid of your Society, for the use of your library (No. 899) received from the bark *Linde*, at Buenos Ayres. The library has only been on board a short time, but the books have so far been read with much interest and pleasure, the books will be well looked after and good care taken of them.

Wishing your Society every success, I remain, truly yours,"

JOHN H. GARVIN,
Bark Peter Crerar.

No. 2,455.

NEW YORK, July 15th, 1869.
To the Seamen's Friend Society.

Gentlemen, I have to thank you for your library No. 2,455 which has been on board the bark *Honduras* two voyages to Buenos Ayres and back to New York, say about fourteen months. I find it a great and good thing on board of a

ship. Ours have been read with marked attention by passengers, officers, and crews. My way is on Sunday to have it brought up on deck, when the crew are called and requested to make their own selection, but to take good care of the books, and return them when read and get others in their place, and it is a rare case that they are misused, or stolen. They take the place of novels and light reading, and are calculated to improve the morals of seamen, and any one that is willing to read them. I find them very instructive to myself, both spiritually and morally, and it will never be known in this world the amount of good that have been done by your libraries, and it is my prayer that the Lord will bless the Seamen's Friend Society."

CHAS. HUXFORD, *Master.*

No. 1,668.—"In accordance with your request, it affords me great pleasure to state that the loan library No. 1,668, has been read with intense interest by the officers and crew of this vessel. It contains many volumes, the reading of which has left a good and lasting impression upon their readers, and it is the unanimous wish of the officers and crew that they might always, and on every voyage, have the opportunity of employing their leisure time in perusing such literature as is contained therein, as it must always have a tendency to call the attention away from worldly affairs to those of the great hereafter.

On the part of the officers and crew of this vessel I have the honor of thanking the Society for the use of their library. Very respectfully,"

RICHARD L. NORTON, *1st. officer.*
Bark *Horace Beals*, at sea, off Florida Coast.

The Bright Side Out.

Far away in the gloomy prison of Andersonville, a little drummer-boy was dying. The matted brown hair was pushed back from the white brow, and in his wasted, haggard features, his fond mother, if she had seen him, would scarcely have recognized the handsome merry-hearted boy, who,

a short time before, made pleasant sunshine in her widowed home.

Manly and patiently had he battled with the hardships of his prison life, never complaining and never despairing, but hunger and exposure of every kind had done their work too well, and therefore he could not escape terrible sufferings. But our kind Heavenly Father, who never leaves us here to suffer more than is for our good, sent a gentle messenger, the angel of mercy, to bear his brave spirit to "his house of many mansions."

The blue eyes unclosed, the pale lips moved, and the comrade bent his head to catch his dying words.

"Put the bright side out to mother," he said; and one more prisoner was free.

The faithful comrade bowed his head and wept, and said, bitterly, to himself, "Alas! what side in this terrible prison life is bright?"

Beyond the gloomy stockade, the drummer boy was laid to rest, and the life of his comrade was spared to tell the sad story to the lonely mother.

Do you not think in that hour of terrible trial, that it was a great joy to the mother to know that her son was brave, and patient, and true? and that, amid all his sufferings, he remembered her, and wished to spare her all possible pain?—*Little Corporal.*

"Have love! Not love alone for one;
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all."

SCHILLER.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., }
S. H. HALL, D. D., } *Cor. Sec's.*

MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OFFICES } 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.
AND } S. Home, Phil'a, Rev. D. H. EMERSON.
ADDRESS } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANKS.

Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. Any Sabbath School, who will send us \$15 for a Loan Library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-street, N. Y., and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	Fred'k Alexander.
" 2 Dover street, (colored).....	" " "	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase-street.....	Boston " " "	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
CHARLESTON, S. C.	Charleston Port Society.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society ..	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.	" " "	James F. Stewart.
HONOLULU, S. I.	Honolulu " " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen. Charles Blake.
" 334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....
" 91 Market street.....	do
" 4 Catharine Lane, (colored)	do
" 45 Oliver street.....	do
" 39 do	do
BOSTON, North Square, "Mariners' House".....	Boston Seamen's Aid Society. N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S. David Ilsley.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y. Edward Kirbey.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets.....	Wilm. Seamen's Friend Soc'y. Capt. W. J. Penton.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison street ..	New York Port Society.....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
" cor. Water and Dover sts.....	Mission "	" B. F. Millard.
" 27 Greenwich street	" "	" R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Pike street, E. R.	Episcopal Miss. Society.....	" H. F. Roberts.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R.	" "	" Robt. J. Walker.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" "	" O. G. Hedstrom.
" Swedish & English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
" Oliver, cor. Henry street.....	Baptist.....	" E. O. Bates.
" cor. Henry and Market streets..	Sea and Land, Presbyterian.....	" O. Helland.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society.....	" H. Peck.
BUFFALO.....	Methodist.....	" John Miles.
ALBANY, Montgomery street	Boston Port Society.....	" E. T. Taylor.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" Geo. S. Noyes.
" cor. Commercial and Lewis streets..	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Robinson.
" Richmond street.....	Boston Sea. Friend Society....	" J. H. M. Dow.
" cor. Salem and N. Bennet streets..	Portland Sea. Friend Society.....	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, Me. Fore st. near new Custom House	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y,.....	" C. M. Winchester.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street....	New Bedford Port Society.....	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD.....	Presbyterian.....	" H. F. Lee.
PHILADELPHIA, corner of Front & Union.....	Methodist	" G. W. McLaughlin
" cor. Shippen and Penn sts..	Episcopal	" W. B. Erben.
" Catharine street.....	Baptist	" Joseph Perry.
" Church st. above Navy Yard.....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Society.....	" Henry Slicer.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Ann streets.....	Baltimore, S. B.	" R. R. Murphy.
" cor. Light and Lee streets	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. N. Crane.
NORFOLK.....	" " "	" Wm. B. Yates.
CHARLESTON, Church, near Water street	" " "	" Richard Webb.
SAVANNAH.....	" " "	" L. H. Pease.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water		
NEW ORLEANS.....		

American Seamen's friend Society.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

WM. A. BOOTH, Esq., *President.*

TRUSTEES.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq.,	Capt. N. BRIGGS,	Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, D.D.,
Rev. H. LOOMIS, D. D.	Rev. GEO. W. WOODRUFF,	Capt. FRANCIS M. FRENCH,
Wm. A. BOOTH, Esq.,	Rev. J. E. ROCKWELL, D.D.,	E. W. CHESTER, Esq.,
JAMES DEMAREST, Esq.,	GEO. D. SUTTON, Esq.,	Capt. D. GILLESPIE,
Rev. J. T. DURYEA, D. D.,	JAMES W. ELOWELL, Esq.,	Wm. MATHEWS, Esq.,
CALEB B. KNEVALS, Esq.,	Rev. N. E. SMITH, D. D.	Capt. C. C. DUNCAN.
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D.,	L. P. HUBBARD, Esq.	A. G. PHELPS DODGE, Esq.,
Rev. Z. EDDY, D. D.,	MOSES S. BEACH, Esq.,	JOHN H. BOYNTON, Esq.

HARMON LOOMIS, D.D. }
SAM'L H. HALL, D.D., } *Cor. Sec's.*
S. H. HALL, Treasurer.
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

Rev. S. W. HANKS, 18 Cornhill, Boston, }
" H. BEEBE, New Haven, Ct., } *Secretaries for New England.*
" P. BOUGHTON, *Collecting Agent.*

CHAPLAINS AND MISSIONARIES.

In the United States.

NEW YORK & BROOKLYN,	Rev. E. O. Bates,	NORWAY—Christiansand, J. H. Hansen.
	" Ola Helland.	" Porsgund, H. L. Schultz.
	C. A. Borello.	SWEDEN—Gottenberg, Rev. F. O. Nilsson.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Rev. D. Dickey,	<i>Supt. of Missions.</i>	" Warberg, C. Carlson.
BUFFALO, N. Y., Rev. H. Peck.		" Wennersborg, E. Eriksson.
ELMIRA, N. Y., Rev. T. W. Read.		" Stockholm, A. M. Ljunberg.
SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dea. Israel Starks.		" Gothland, J. Lindelius.
WHITEHALL, N. Y., Rev. Jas. Grant.		DENMARK—Copenhagen, Rev. Peter E. Ryding.
BOSTON, MASS., Capt. Andrew Bartlett.		" Odense, Rev. F. L. Rymker.
GLoucester, MASS., Rev. H. L. Calder.		BELGIUM—Antwerp, Rev. J. H. Pettingell.
RICHMOND, VA., Rev. F. J. Boggs.		" " Capt. John Mowatt.
NORFOLK, VA., Rev. E. N. Crane.		FRANCE—Havre, Rev. H. Rogers.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Rev. J. N. Andrews.		" Marseilles, Rev. H. A. Gibson.
CHARLESTON, S. C. Rev. W. B. Yates.		" " A. Shackleton
SAVANNAH, GA., Rev. Richard Webb.		CHINA—Shanghae, Rev. E. W. Syle.
MOBILE, ALA., Rev. L. H. Pease.		BRAZIL—Rio de Janeiro
NEW ORLEANS, LA., " " "		CHILI—Valparaiso, Rev. D. Trumbull, D.D.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Rev. J. Rowell.		" " Francis Muller.

In Foreign Ports.

LABRADOR COAST, Rev. S. R. Butler.	
ST. JOHNS, N. B., Rev. Jas. Spencer.	

NORWAY—Christiansand, J. H. Hansen.	HONOLULU, S. I., S. C. Damon, D. D.
" Porsgund, H. L. Schultz.	HILO, Rev. Frank Thompson.
SWEDEN—Gottenberg, Rev. F. O. Nilsson.	YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Rev. S. R. Brown.
" Warberg, C. Carlson.	
" Wennersborg, E. Eriksson.	
" Stockholm, A. M. Ljunberg.	
" Gothland, J. Lindelius.	
DENMARK—Copenhagen, Rev. Peter E. Ryding.	
" Odense, Rev. F. L. Rymker.	
BELGIUM—Antwerp, Rev. J. H. Pettingell.	
" " Capt. John Mowatt.	
FRANCE—Havre, Rev. H. Rogers.	
" Marseilles, Rev. H. A. Gibson.	
" " A. Shackleton	
CHINA—Shanghae, Rev. E. W. Syle.	
BRAZIL—Rio de Janeiro	
CHILI—Valparaiso, Rev. D. Trumbull, D.D.	
" " Francis Muller.	
PERU—Callao,	
" Chincha Islands,	
BUENOS AIRES, Matthias Matthewson.	

Boston Sea. Fr. Society.

Alpheus Hardy, Esq., *Pres.*
Rev. J. M. H. Dow, Chaplain.

Providence Sea. Fr. Society,

Rev. C. M. Winchester, Chaplain.

Penn. Sea. Fr. Society,

Arthur G. Coffin, Esq., *Pres.*
Rev. S. Bonhomme, *Rec. Sec.*

Maine Sea. Fr. Society,

Rev. F. Southworth, Chaplain.

Donations may be sent to the Office, 80 Wall Street, New York.